

HORIZON

EDITED BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

Vol. XVIII No. 107 November 1948

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COMMENT

HORIZON was recently the subject of a full-dress attack in a multilingual Moscow magazine called *Soviet Literature*. An unfortunate critic, A. Elistratova, had to read through a lot of back numbers (mostly 1944-5) and tack them on to *The Loved One* for a general blast against our decadent English culture. The Editor, Mr. Evelyn Waugh and Mr. Herbert Read (the reactionary decadent clique of HORIZON) come in for most of the abuse; the Editor is accused of going so far as to simulate anti-Fascism in order to entrap unwary young writers in his reactionary policies. One of the most endearing features of Communism is the charming belief that editors are important: they scheme, they struggle for power, they instigate sweeping reforms and diabolical intrigues. Remove such strong and wicked juggernauts as edit HORIZON, the *Cornhill*, *New Writing*, *Time and Tide* or the *Times Literary Supplement* and the misguided masses can breathe again. It's all so simple. Evelyn Waugh was on the side of the Italians in the war in Abyssinia. Ten years later HORIZON publishes *The Loved One*. Therefore HORIZON is Fascist. 'The British citadel of militant decadence in the arts.' One of the objects of the Soviet attack is a list of signs we printed that should mark a civilized community (abolition of death penalty, laws against homosexuality, etc.). This list was also the subject of a violent onslaught from Mr. Evelyn Waugh in *The Tablet*. Moscow here joins hands with Rome and causes us once more to reiterate that unless a writer is attacked by both Catholics and Communists he is not of his time.

Let us try to put our own position more clearly. HORIZON describes itself as a review of literature and art. That is to say we believe in the aesthetic approach; that art and literature exist in their own right—not as symptoms of political attitudes nor *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*. We have no proof that this is so; we have no proof that any absolute values—Truth, Justice, Virtue, Liberty—really do exist, and are not simply arrangements for our own convenience, yet we happen to belong to that section of Western civilization who have been conditioned to behave as if they existed. We acquired our values from Greece, Rome and the Bible, from the Renaissance; we are in fact humanists. The dilemma of

the humanist is precisely that his Reason—by which he lives—disqualifies him from believing in these abstract values which paradoxically he is often prepared to die for:

Our sphere of action is life's happiness
and he who thinks beyond, thinks like an ass.

Humanistically speaking, the sentiment is impeccable yet most humanists would find it quite impossible to live by: it is 'thinking beyond' however uncertainly or inaccurately that distinguishes us from the beasts. The scepticism inherent in the humanistic attitude implies one virtue—tolerance, which becomes to the agnostic what faith is to the believer. We must love one another and die. Intolerance is the underlying bond between the Church and Communism since both these bodies presume to know for certain what is good for their adherents better than they can know themselves, and for neither of them does Death exist. To the Church this life is the preparation for another, to the Communist it is part of the undying life of the State: it is only the agnostic humanist who can consider his death as being as much his own property to do what he likes with as his life and who can regard the two major religions of today as perversions of the magnificent original humanity of the Sermon on the Mount. Anyone who is interested in the case that can be made for humanism caught between these two authoritarian systems should read Lionel Trilling's fascinating novel, *The Middle of the Journey* (Secker & Warburg). Humanism is a discredited word because it is associated with superficial academic gentlemen in easy circumstances: it is in actual fact as useful a name as any for that intense preoccupation with the estate of man, the human predicament, which refuses to accept any solution by which evil is done that good may come. In the eyes of a humanist all living beings are wonderful and privileged creatures under sentence of death: however much he may suffer from the intolerance of those who know better he must not allow himself to forget that the differences which separate him from a Catholic or a Communist are in fact exceedingly small and unimportant when seen against the things which unite him to them. This was constantly proved in the Resistance movements and what is human life but a resistance movement on too large a scale? One advantage of being a humanist editor is that one can print articles by both Catholics and Communists without necessarily agreeing with a word they say but out of a general reverence for the human

intelligence (a courtesy they can seldom return). The other great advantage is that humanism, whether right or wrong, is distinctly favourable to the arts whether we believe them to be simply social diversions or profound intuitive glimpses into The Unknowable or Unknown. In the last analysis one can only say of a work of art 'it happens to think it good'. Well from now on several million Communists are going always to think HORIZON bad, because they've been told to by *Soviet Literature*. That's all there is to say. And yet not quite—for one might add that the division of the world into two spheres both living under the fear of war, is doing incomparable harm to art, that the humanist editor never knows whether to be more appalled by the miserable persecutions of esoteric writers which proceed behind the Iron Curtain or the incredible vulgarity which the success cult in the U.S.A. thrusts upon them. And peevish, overcrowded, bureaucratic England, and of cut films, banned books, and class-conscious little moustaches, are we not also to blame? Always when I return I am overwhelmed by the ugliness of the architecture, the gloom of the people, the drabness of the sky, the obedience to authority—and yet I know there is more honesty, affection, good sense, justice and tolerance to be found here than in most countries of the world. But art? Fossilizing talent confronting spiteful mediocrity, provincial stylists back on the farm, rustic philosophers leaving the farm for the B.B.C. . . . A progressive Socialist movement without a single first-rate writer or painter who supports it (correct me please) or for whom (correct me again) it will do anything. The artist here is like the wolf in La Fontaine's Fable *dont la condition est de mourir de faim*, who admires the culture-diffusing dog's sleek coat but doesn't like his collar.

'Qu'est cela?' lui dit-il. 'Rien.' 'Quoi. Rien?' 'Peu de chose'.

'Mais encor?' 'Le collier dont je suis attaché
De ce que vous voyez est peut-être la cause.'

'Attaché,' dit le Loup; 'vous ne courez donc pas
Où vous voulez?' 'Pas toujours, mais qu'importe?'

'Il importe si bien, que de tous vos repas

Je ne veux en aucune sorte;

Et ne voudrais pas même à ce prix un trésor.'

Celà dit, maître Loup s'enfuit et court encor.

There are more dogs than ever.

W. H. AUDEN

THE MANAGERS

IN the bad old days it was not so bad:
The top of the ladder
Was an amusing place to sit; success
Meant quite a lot—leisure
And huge meals, more palaces filled with more
Objects, books, girls, horses
Than one would ever get round to, and to be
Carried uphill while seeing
Others walk. To rule was a pleasure when
One wrote a death-sentence
On the back of the Ace of Spades and played on
With a new deck. Honours
Are not so physical or jolly now,
For the sort of Powers
We are used to are not like that. Could one of them
Be said to resemble
The Tragic Hero, the Platonic Saint,
Or would any painter
Portray one rising triumphant from a lake
On a dolphin, naked
Protected by an umbrella of cherubs? Can
They so much as manage
To behave like genuine Caesars when alone
Or drinking with cronies,
To let their hair down and be frank about
The world? It is doubtful.
The last word on how we may live or die
Rests today with quiet
Men, working too hard in rooms that are too big,
Reducing to figures
What is the matter, what is to be done.
A neat little luncheon
Of sandwiches is brought to each on a tray,
Nourishment they are able

To take with one hand without looking up
From papers a couple
Of secretaries are needed to file,
From problems no smiling
Can dismiss; the typewriters never stop
But whirr like grasshoppers
In the silent siesta heat as, frivolous
Across their discussions,
From woods unaltered by our wars and vows
Drift the scents of flowers
And the songs of birds who will never vote
Or bother to notice
Those distinguishing marks a lover sees
By instinct and policemen
Can be trained to observe; far into the night
Their windows burn brightly,
And behind, their backs bent over some report
On every quarter
For ever like a god or a disease
There on the earth, the reason
In all its aspects why they are tired, the weak,
The inattentive, seeking
Someone to blame; then if, to recuperate,
They go out to play, their greatness
Encounters the bow of the chef or the glance
Of the ballet-dancer
Who cannot be ruined by any master's fall.
To rule is a calling,
It seems, like surgery or sculpture, the fun
Neither love nor money
But taking a necessary risk, the test
Of one's skill, the question,
If difficult, their own reward. But then
Perhaps one should mention
Also what must be a comfort as they guess
In times like the present
When guesses can prove so fatally wrong,
The fact of belonging
To the very select indeed, to those
For whom, just supposing

They do, there will be places on the last
Plane out of disaster.
No; no one is really sorry for their
Heavy gait and careworn
Look, nor would they thank you if you said you were.

W. H. AUDEN

SONG

Deftly, admiral, cast your fly
Into the slow deep hover,
Till the wise old trout mistake and die;
Salt are the deeps that cover
The glittering fleets you led,
White is your head.

Read on, ambassador, engrossed
In your favourite Stendhal;
The Outer Provinces are lost,
Unshaven horsemen swill
The great wines of the châteaux
Where you danced long ago.

Do not turn, do not lift, your eyes
Toward the still pair standing
On the bridge outside your memories,
Indifferent to your minding:
In its glory and its power
This is their hour.

Nothing your strength, your skill, could do
Can alter their embrace
Or dispersuade the Furies who
At the appointed place
With claw and dreadful brow
Wait for them now.

EDWARD GLOVER

FREUD OR JUNG

II

MENTAL ENERGY. It cannot be repeated too often that the body of psycho-analytical knowledge regarding the function of mind which Freud latterly designated as 'metapsychology' was acquired through the application of three different methods of conceptual approach; structural or topographic, dynamic and economic. No mental event can be adequately understood unless these three methods are applied to the data of observation and introspection. Whoever conceives of mind in the structural sense as an *apparatus* or *instrument* is under obligation to concede or at any rate to conceive the existence of mental *energy* which sets this apparatus in motion. And no sooner has he made this concession than he is faced with the necessity of describing the *mechanisms* by means of which this energy is *distributed* through the various systems of which the mental apparatus is composed. This further obligation imposes certain conditions on any formulation of the concept of mental energy. For although caution and the law of economy of hypothesis would dictate that the concept of psychic energy be stated in the most sparing terms, yet the account must be sufficiently circumstantial to explain variations in mental function. Even the terms used to designate mental energy are subject to this condition. One may describe psychic energy as *élan vital* or as the spirit of God or one may take refuge in a non-committal symbol and talk of ψ -energy, but in the long run the usefulness of the term adopted will depend on the light it throws on both the somatic and the psychic functions of man.

Now it is scarcely profitable to compare or contrast the concepts of psychic energy used by Freud and by Jung unless one bears in mind the historical development of each concept. It is often urged against Freudian theories that they were derived from a study of the abnormal. Yet looking back over the history of psycho-analysis it is clear that without Freud's discovery of *unconscious conflict* sufficiently violent to give rise to mental disease, dynamic psychology would have been stillborn, or at any rate would not

have passed the descriptive stages outlined, for example, by McDougall. Examination of the unconscious conflict responsible for the psycho-neuroses led Freud to the discovery that the sexual instincts do not, as had previously been imagined, originate at puberty but can be traced back to infancy and comprise a number of primitive sexual components derived from various 'erotogenic' body zones, e.g. oral, anal, cutaneous, muscular and (infantile) genital. These component instincts are at first loosely organized and only later pass under the primacy of genital impulses. It was also observed that these infantile components of sexuality can be fused with aggressive and destructive impulses giving rise to various forms of sadism; these are named after the sexual component with which they are associated, e.g. oral and anal sadism. Expressing this in more descriptive terms: Freud discovered that during infancy and early childhood a rapid development of sexual instincts takes place. These draw their energies from widely scattered bodily sources and are directed almost exclusively towards the parents or their most important substitutes. Once the component instincts come under the primacy of the infantile genital zones, the aim of the infant's sexuality is to obtain genital gratification on parental objects. The degree to which these incestuous drives obtain conscious expression in thought, word or action depends partly on the inhibitory forces directed by the parents against the child's early sexual strivings and partly on internal restrictions. Internal obstacles are set up because (a) the unconscious anxiety of sexual mutilation (punishment) and (b) the guilt induced by the jealousy, rivalry and hatred that inevitably accompany primitive sexual striving and follow its frustration.

But, despite the discovery of infantile sadism and of the sexual rivalry that canalizes it in the direction of parental objects which are also loved, the importance of the sexual and aggressive polarities of instinct was not clearly recognized at this stage of investigation. Conflict was thought of as an opposition between the aims of sexual instincts and those of non-sexual (ego) instincts, including in particular the impulses of self-preservation. Partly for this reason psycho-analytical attention was focused mainly on the form of sexual energy to which Freud applied the term *libido*. More detailed investigations were soon to lead to further extensions of this term. Not only could a distinction be drawn between *libido*

directed towards sexual objects and libido that can be gratified on the self (auto-erotic impulses) but it became clear that the ego itself is the repository of large quantities of libido that are not diverted to external objects. This concept of *narcissistic* or *ego-libido* was further extended to include libido investing the body organs in general, which was then referred to as *organ* or *body libido*. And here for a time the matter rested.

The next stage in the development of Freudian theories of instinct arose from study of the ego-disorders present in various forms of insanity. Manifestations such as delusions of grandeur had already indicated the vital part played by narcissistic or ego-libido in regressive ego-disorder; these inflations of the ego are initiated by a withdrawal of libido from external objects which give rise to a pathological increase in narcissistic libido. This finding was subsequently corroborated by investigation of the traumatic neuroses of war. To superficial inspection war-neuroses appear to be due to the threat to self-preservation existing under combatant conditions, but closer examination shows that two specific factors are responsible for these disorders, first, the disturbance of narcissistic libido caused by war-traumata and, second, the incapacity of the individual to endure the mobilization of aggressive instincts inseparable from war conditions. From yet another source came convincing evidence that disturbance in the distribution of aggressive energies and of narcissistic libido was decisive for ego-disorder. Freud's study of melancholia, which is essentially a malignant disease of the unconscious conscience, proved conclusively that when libidinal relations with the world of objects are fundamentally disturbed and when libido is withdrawn from these objects, not only does the narcissistic libido of the individual become pathologically overcharged but quantities of aggressive energy are freed with which the mind is unable to cope. Under normal circumstances aggressive impulses freed in this way are turned on the self and for the most part canalized through the critical activities of unconscious conscience, their aggressive aim being however held in check by the existence of a healthy narcissism. The diseased narcissism of the melancholiac is unable to provide this defence and the result is a diminution of vital psychic activity varying in degree from apathy to that state of narcissistic disorder where inturned aggression triumphs in the act of suicide.

This extension of the idea of mental conflict to include disturbances in the balance of libidinal and of aggressive energies compelled Freud to recast his previous formulations regarding mental dynamics, a task which he faced unflinchingly. The concept of specific ego-instincts was discarded and the function of the ego as a 'regulator' was expanded. The impulses of self-preservation were regarded as one of a group of Life-instincts varying only in the degree of their lability. *The fundamental psychic antithesis was no longer between the libido and ego-instincts but between all forms of libidinal energy (the Erotic Instincts, in the sense given by Plato to Eros in his Symposium) and the instincts of aggression or destruction.* For purposes of theoretical presentation Freud postulated a Death-instinct of which the most obvious manifestation is aggression directed either towards the world of objects or towards the ego. This dualistic conception of the primary instinctual forces had always been implicit in the concept of conflict. Freud's final formulations had merely indicated that from its earliest beginning the ego is a battle-ground for primitive instinctual conflicts. Throughout his struggles with this fundamental problem, Freud was constantly guided by psycho-biological principles as well as by clinical exigencies. He not only extended the concept of libido but described with circumstantiality the various modifications it undergoes *during individual development*. Correlating these findings with a parallel series of discoveries regarding the vicissitudes of aggression, he was able to establish *conflict-formulae* reflecting different stages of mental development and appropriate to different varieties of mental disorder. At the same time he solved the problem of the classification of instincts: for clearly only those instincts can be regarded as primary, disturbance of which is able to disrupt the normal function of mind.

To turn now to Jung: it is not at all clear, nor in the present writer's opinion is it likely ever to become clear from Jung's

¹ A good deal of the opposition to Freud's theory of a Death-instinct is due to a misunderstanding of his use of the term 'death'. Freud's dynamic concept of instinct led him to regard it as an inherent tendency to reinstate a pre-existing condition: the Death-instinct is thus a tendency inherent in animate matter to return to the inanimate state, not, as is often thought, an individual (ego) longing for death. Even if the concept of a Death-instinct were discarded, the instinctual antithesis of aggression and love would remain firmly based on clinical observation.

writings, why, having originally committed himself whether he knew it or not, to Freud's dualistic theories of instinctual conflict, Jung embraced with such enthusiastic haste a monistic theory of mental energy. Jung himself offers a clinical and in that sense therefore a potentially scientific explanation. Although ready to concede that the Freudian libido played *some* part in the development of adult neuroses, he came to the conclusion that the Freudian libido theory did not explain the ego regressions and departures from reality manifested in dementia praecox (schizophrenia). One cannot but surmise from this that Jung had never really grasped Freud's concept of the libido and that he continued wittingly or unwittingly to equate it with the energy of adult sexual instincts. A moment's consideration should have shown that the conflict present in dementia praecox necessitated an expansion rather than a contraction of the Freudian libido concept. The more profound the disturbance the sharper the conflict and the more primitive the energies (instincts) involved. As the spontaneous remissions occurring in even advanced states of insanity clearly indicate, the fault in reality testing is due not to an essential defect in the intellectual apparatus but, in the first instance, to the withdrawal of libidinal energy (using this term in the Freudian sense) from relations with objects in the outer world, in the second place to a gross disturbance of mental function due to the flooding of the mental apparatus with dammed-up libido and in the third to the inchoate and disordered efforts of this damaged apparatus to regain contact with the world of objects (reality). Had any reasonable doubt on these points remained, it could easily have been dispelled by studying the phenomena of expanding interest exhibited by infants during their early phases of development. For during the period when reality needs are to a large extent catered for by external (parental) objects, and when intellectual processes are of the most rudimentary order, it is plain to naked-eye observation that the infant's interest in its own body, in the existence of instinctual objects and in a variety of inanimate objects, is stimulated by the exercise of libidinal function (in the Freudian sense of the term). The simplest example is the displacement of breast interest to thumb-sucking and subsequently to a great variety of substitute-objects of a 'comforter' type. Nevertheless, we must accept as his final pronouncement on the subject, Jung's

monistic theory of mental energy, and are left with the task of stating its essential features.

Reading those of Jung's publications which appeared about the time of his defection from Freud, it is sometimes difficult to be sure whether Jung had really changed his mind or not. Despite categorical statements as to the monistic nature of mental energy he continued to talk of libido as if it behaved in the same way as the libido posited by Freud. Only in Jung's later writings does it become uncompromisingly clear that in his view libido is nothing more than a synonym for psychic energy. He insists, however, that libido is not a psychic *force* but rather the intensity of a psychic process, more specifically the psychological *value* of a psychic process, meaning by value not an imparted moral, aesthetic or intellectual value, but the determining power of a psychic process as expressed in its effects. All psychic phenomena, says Jung, are manifestations of energy, the energy of the process of life; hence the laws governing libido are the laws of vital energy and libido is a quantitative formula for the phenomena of life. It is a dynamic and creative element which streams in outer and inner directions, i.e., towards outer objects and towards the self, ultimately towards the collective unconscious. It can be split, transformed; it can be detached and withdrawn from objects; it can be dammed up; it can regress or be tamed; it can be stored up and canalized, it is what the earlier psychologists called 'will' or 'tendency'; it is desire; it is wish; it is passion; it is interest; it is love; it is the joy of living; it comprises all human activities; it is the foundation and regulator of all psychic existence; it is the driving strength of our own soul; it is cosmic.

As can be gathered from this diversity of definitions, the relation of libido to instinct in the Jungian scheme is rather obscure. In the first place Jung, despite his use of energetic terms such as 'damming up' and the like, is plainly averse to describing the energy of libido as a psychic force, indeed maintains that it has nothing to do with the question of the existence of specific psychic force; and in the second he follows the usage of other descriptive psychologists in regarding instinct as an impulsion to certain activities, initiated by outer or inner stimuli which release physical and mental mechanisms. Jung specifically excludes 'will' from the category of instinct, a view which leads him to the generalization that all

psychic activities over which consciousness has no control are instinctive. Now here we begin to get into difficulty. Since, in his view, all psychic processes are (kinetic) energy, and since psychic energy is libido, it follows that instinctual reactions must be libidinal in nature. For example, writing of the 'one-sidedness' of the barbarian, Jung attributes this to his unconscious libido and presupposes that the barbarian suffers from a 'stunting' of his instincts. On the other hand, if, as Jung maintains, libido represents 'will' and if, as he also maintains, 'will' is not instinctual, neither can the libido be instinctual. At another point, however, Jung maintains that the libido has a 'dichotomous way', namely that of instinctual processes in the sense of biological instincts and that of spiritual processes. But since, according to Jung, spiritual processes are psychic, and since instinctual processes, which, again according to Jung, are manifestations of life energy and therefore libidinal, give rise to psychic as well as to somatic processes, we must conclude that the libido, although instinctual in nature, is nevertheless non-instinctual in nature; which is absurd. Otherwise we must assume that no distinction exists between instinctual and non-instinctual processes (e.g., between instinctual libido and spiritual libido), a view which Jung specifically rejects; or, alternatively, that the libido *ab initio* comprises two entirely distinct orders of energy, in which case the monistic theory of psychic energy is untenable.

Turning for further enlightenment to Jung's account of the phylogenetic vicissitudes of the libido, we find that apparently primal libido was sexual libido. This is implicit in the statement 'Parts of the primal life-force have in course of evolution become de-sexualized', and since the Jungian libido is the primal life-force '... out of which all instincts have been differentiated', it would follow that the sexual instincts are unmodified primal libido, and that all other instincts are phylogenetically sublimated libido. In fact it is Jung's view that in the course of racial development man, turning from one occupation to another, borrowed sexual libido for these purposes and in so doing de-sexualized it; although if, as Jung suggests, *all* human activities are of their nature manifestations of libido, it is not at all clear why it became necessary at some remote period of man's history to de-sexualize libido in order to produce libido which must *a priori* have already existed in a non-sexual state. It would have been all very well for Freud to postulate

a phylogenetic sublimation of sexual libido and to attribute the change to some dire events in past history but, having regard to his libido postulates, it is quite inadmissible for Jung to do so. On the other hand, if, as Jung maintains, libido is the driving strength of our soul and if spirit manifests itself in psychic processes or is identical with psychic processes, and if, further, a spiritual process is one of the ways of the libido, and, still further, if libido is either primal sexual energy or de-sexualized psychic energy, it is not at all clear why Jung casts the reproach at Freud that by his materialistic and biological modes of thought he reduces spirit to 'a mere epiphenomenon produced by a doubtful process of sublimation' (of sexual energies). For if this be a fault, it is a fault of which Jung is himself guilty. Indeed, it is curious to observe that whereas Jung brushes aside the significance of *individual* sublimation occurring in *modern* man, he is more than ready to postulate an identical process occurring on a grander scale in primitive man at some unspecified epoch and without specified cause.

But let that pass. In the meantime we must note that in Jung's view, although man in some prehistoric time de-sexualized and so differentiated his libido, he persisted in picturing his non-sexual psychic activities in the images of primal sexual libido. Hence the form of the archetypes is usually a sexually symbolic form, although no longer a carrier of sexual libido. Here we are plunged into further confusion as to the nature of the archetypes. Accepting Jung's structural definitions of archetypes as 'organs' of the pre-rational psyche, or as ideas and psychic forms at first without specific content but acquiring content through individual experience of life or again as primordial images, and overlooking the various discrepancies between these definitions and Jung's other view that they are merely inherited thought-dispositions or even reaction-dispositions, we might suppose that archetypes are *activated* by libido, whether modified or de-sexualized. But no: the archetypes, says Jung, are in themselves life forces, protective and healing forces, which, however, if neglected or damaged (*sic*) can set up neurotic and psychotic processes. And since, as he asserts at one point, archetypal ideas can even *spontaneously create themselves*, it would seem that parthenogenetic archetypal energy is inexhaustible. But again no: the inherited archetypal energy is part of a closed energetic system ranging almost effortlessly

between consciousness and the collective unconscious. 'No psychic value' (i.e., no determining psychic energy) 'can vanish without being replaced by an equivalent.' Thus Jung. Here we encounter the penultimate form of his ingrowing theory. 'The idea of energy and its conservation must be a primal image that has slumbered ever (*sic*) in the collective unconscious.' Or, in Jacobi's words, 'The physical law of the conservation of energy and the Platonic notion of the "soul as that which moves itself" are archetypically closely related'. And so we reach the topsy-turvy conclusion that psychic energy is not only a synonym for psychic processes but a 'regulator' of all psychic functions and relations (i.e. processes), both conscious and unconscious.

Although it would be a work of supererogation to speculate as to the motives that led Jung to cleave to a monistic theory of psychic energy, it is scarcely possible to refrain from indicating one of the sources of the confusion in which he lands his ideas. This is a studied refusal to avail himself of metapsychological criteria. Without doubt the adoption of a number of methods of conceptual approach is a tacit admission of the impossibility of describing mental phenomena in one set of terms or analogies. By attempting this forlorn hope, Jung discloses his true nature as an academic psychologist, meaning by this designation a psychological observer who cannot think except in terms of consciousness and to whom analysis is merely a descriptive form. The result is a matted confusion, which only a skilled metaphysician could disentangle. Confounding structure with dynamics and dynamics with function, and at the same time seduced by the attractions of facile generalization, of verbal embroidery and of a quasi-scientific mode of expression plentifully besprinkled with archaisms, Jung has developed a sliding-scale of 'meaning' which baffles exactitude. Apparently he cannot, or will not, distinguish between the concept of energy, the sources of energy, the expressions of energy, and the means whereby energy can be regulated. Terms which in Freud's usage had come to acquire specific meaning are flattened out by Jung with the result that his psychology becomes as in pre-Freudian days one-dimensional. Having achieved this by no means inconsiderable feat, Jung, following the technique of compensation, provides his reader with a complicated

system of abstractions which have lost their anchorage in reality. His concept of psychic energy comprises everything yet tells us nothing; or at any rate nothing that a metaphysician speaking from his armchair could not tell us.

Should there be any doubt on this point it can be readily dispelled by recourse to empirical criteria. What, we may ask, is the tendency of this theory: what degree of clinical understanding do we gain from it, and what price we must pay for its acceptance? It is well to adopt *clinical* criteria for, if we leave the matter open to general predilection, we shall find that concepts of gain and loss depend on the balance of individual advantage. One can readily imagine that those who like their psycho-biology neat will cast their vote for Freud, and that those who like their pills sugared and coated will plump for Jung whose gentility of thought is quite impeccable.

In the writer's opinion the tendency of Jung's theories, and in particular of his theory of psychic energy, is quite patent. As in the case of the Grand Old Duke of York, who marched his ten thousand up the hill and down again, the progress of Jung's theories ever since his defection from Freud has constituted a Grand Retreat to Conscious Psychology. The psycho-biological pill, being ground down, is found to consist of nothing but sugar. How could it be otherwise? To re-establish the supremacy of conscious psychology you must postulate innate instincts or energies or what you will that do not undergo decisive and permanent modification during individual development; and in perchance you find unmistakable evidence of important differentiations of instinct, you must attribute these to phylogenetic influences. If you find evidence of mental conflict you must assume that it is due to a clash between phylogenetically determined forces and purely environmental forces. And that is precisely what Jung does. His monistic *élan vital* wish-washes back and forward between the archetypes and the conscious life tasks. To be sure Jung from time to time attributes to it a catastrophic almost daemonic force; but, more often than not, it appears to behave in a remarkably tame manner, at worst to give rise to minor character-difficulties of an intensity that would not ruffle the airs of a suburban drawing-room. In fact, there is little to distinguish the Jungian unconscious libido from the 'sentiments' that are the emotional stock-in-trade of the academic psychologists.

But to reduce the concept of psychic energy once more to this academic status, Jung had first to get rid of the awkward discoveries made by Freud, in particular that the sexual and aggressive energies with which the infant is endowed pass through many primitive phases before they emerge in the highly modified forms that manifest themselves in the private and social life of civilized adults. In Jung's system the whole of infantile sexuality goes by the board. To achieve this end Jung seeks to eliminate the earliest and the latest phases of infantile libidinal development, pointedly ignoring all intermediate stages. The oral libido of Freud he dismisses simply by stating that the nutritional phases of infancy have no sexual component, an *ex-cathedra* opinion which is based apparently on the fact that they do not *seem* to ordinary observation to exhibit sexual features; the excretory phases of infantile libido and the efflorescence of infantile sadism that accompanies them he simply ignores; and the central phase of infantile development, namely, the incestuous (Oedipus) phase he seeks to explain away in a number of ways that merit close inspection.

In the first place, although Jung admits that the child may exhibit a kind of rhythmic autoerotism and has a number of habits, e.g., thumb sucking, which are connected with some phenomena not *non*-sexual, the child's early object relations according to his view, are not to be described as sexual.¹ Whatever fixations may take place during very early years are merely a manifestation of babyish egoism. A relatively small number of typical primary patterns are found, all having their origin in early childish experiences. 'The parental complex is therefore nothing but the first manifestation of a clash between Reality and the Individual's Constitutional Inability to meet its requirements.' It *must* be parental simply because parents are the first Reality. The Oedipus complex of Freud although universal is a non-sexual phenomenon indicating at its simplest a desire for possession directed towards

¹ It is typical of Jung that although he describes the first of his Three Stages of Life, i.e. between birth and four years of age, as pre-sexual, he should regard the manifestations of polymorphous infantile sexuality described by Freud as 'preliminary expressions of sexual colouring' . . . 'it is in this stage that are inaugurated manifestations having so marked a sexual colouring that their relationship is unquestionable although sexuality in the adult sense does not exist.' At the same time he maintains that 'polymorphism' is due to the movement of libido (i.e. Jungian libido) 'from the service of nutrition into new avenues', etc. In other words 'sexual colouring' is non-sexual in origin.

the mother by boy and girl alike. Should an erotic element make its appearance, it can be explained as striving to fulfil some archetypal idea. This latter hypothesis is more fully extended in Jung's theory of the neuroses. The adult's failure to meet normal adult demands confessedly does take sexual forms—infantile sexual forms. These are the result of a regression, possibly produced by inability to achieve normal sexuality in adolescence or maturity. Apparently the neurotic regression activates or increases the determining force of certain archetypes but at the same time carries back sexual forms into the state of infantile regression. These sexual manifestations seem to be created by the *later* neurotic personality as part of or symptoms of, the general babyish refusal to break away from the family and 'be one's age'. Actual incest wishes in childhood are according to Jung of no more significance than the alleged incest wishes of primitive man; in other words they are of no sexual significance. The infantile incest fantasy is a mythological product, a regressive manifestation due to the revival of archetypes indicating the necessity of desire for rebirth. '... it is most especially the totality of the sun myth which proves to us that the fundamental basis of the "incestuous" desire does not aim at cohabitation, but at the special thought of becoming a child again, of turning back to the parental protection, of coming into the mother in order to be born again. 'But here', says Jung, 'the incest prohibition interferes'; though why an incest barrier enforced by the most ferocious penalties should ever have been necessary to counter these minor sentimentalities is not at all clear. In short, whatever else an incest-wish may be it is not in Jung's view an incest-wish.

In assessing the significance of these, Jung's first gestures of rebellion against the discoveries of Freud one must in fairness recall the darkened emotional atmosphere in which earlier discussions of Freudian theory took place. Now that the facts of infantile sexuality can be and are frequently confirmed by the observations of parents untutored in psychological theory, it is perhaps sufficient to say that if nowadays a budding psychiatrist were to express such sweeping counter-opinions he would be regarded even by most non-Freudian psychologists as a *brass ignoramus*. No doubt in those early days Jung could not grasp the implications of his own theories. For if infantile sexuality (libido in the Freudian sense) is jettisoned, we are left without adequate

planation of the daemonic forces of aggression. Jung is perfectly willing to talk at large and at length of the destructive impulses of the adult, but of infantile sadism and aggression there is hardly a word. One is left to assume that aggression is merely a form of the *élan vital*, possibly but by no means certainly a reactive form. In other words, if we do not postulate, as Freud postulates, aggressive and destructive instincts, we must, according to Jungian principles, regard the phenomena of destruction as part of man's inherited spiritual processes. The whole elaborate history of individual mental development, the phenomena of conscience both conscious and unconscious, in a word, the whole civilizing process undergone by the individual which at its best is responsible for the astounding cultural achievements of man, and at its worst either unable to stem the uprush of primitive urges or breaks down in the attempt to do so, is reduced to a tussle between constitutional factors and the stresses of current reality, in which the inherited libido plays a neutral role. This, again, is too big a price to pay for the illusory benefits of a comfortable *Weltanschauung*.¹ And here is perhaps an appropriate point at which to indicate Jung's main, possibly his only claim to consistency of thought. As one wades through his voluminous works, searching amongst a mass of ever-varying definitions for a clear and unqualified statement of Jung's psychological principles one begins to appreciate that despite all the vagueness and inconsistencies of his exposition two tendencies are unmistakable in all his writings—first, a neglect of the developmental achievements of modern man which borders on contempt; and, second, an unswerving determination to produce a psychological system which shall negate at every important point the theories of Freud. Even the neuroses of modern man are regarded by Jung with ill-concealed contempt. To the almost superhuman struggles of the child to effect a compromise between the compelling force of his primitive instincts and the growing

¹ Space does not permit any detailed account of other sacrifices that would be entailed if Jung's ideas on libido and his absence of ideas on aggression were to be taken seriously. But clearly if the concept of infantile sexuality were to be abandoned and aggression reduced to the level of a phylogenetically modified form of primal libido, we should have to abandon all we have learned regarding the nature of reactive affects, such as morbid anxiety, guilt and depression; and not only the nature of these primitive affects but the decisive part they play in determining human conduct both normal and abnormal, in short their dynamic significance.

harshness of reality, Jung is apparently blind. The neuroses and psychoses of *childhood* which mark the temporary or permanent defeats suffered by the child during these struggles are treated as non-existent. In place of neuroses we are invited to consider 'problems' occurring during the nutritional phase of life which according to Jung, extends to the fourth year, though even this qualified recognition of *some* form of conflict is contradicted at another point by the sweeping statement that until the age of puberty the child has no problems. The child's main trouble is what would appear, simply childishness, his main fixations the results of babyish *contretemps*. Small wonder that with this myopic vision Jung, in his search for an explanation of the clamour and confusion of human life, should see only the constitutionally determined inadequacy of adult man to perform his current life-task and ultimately to individuate himself.

Regarding the persistent though not consistent anti-Freudian tendency of Jung's work, it is difficult for a Freudian to speak without drawing to himself the obvious counter that he is a biased critic. It is scarcely a coincidence, however, that Jung having equated the Freudian unconscious with a system which corresponds mainly with the more superficial Freudian pre-conscious and having in its place erected a Jungian collective unconscious which is in no way derived from individual development, should go on to postulate a form of energy any modification of which must have occurred at an early stage of racial development and to which all human activities are ascribed however fundamentally they may differ. And, although it may seem cautious to complain of his selection of terms, it is also not without significance that Jung chose to adapt to his own purposes terms which had already a fixed Freudian connotation. It is easy to understand that the general reader, unfamiliar with the history of these terms, should form the impression that Jung whilst retaining whatever is of value in Freud has somehow added new and valuable significance to his concepts.

To this vexatious source of confusion we shall have occasion to return when discussing Jung's use of the terms applied by Freud to various unconscious mental mechanisms. For the moment it is more important to indicate the fundamental confusion of thought by means of which Jung seeks to support his studied depreciation of early developmental factors. Generally speaking, Jung's method

dealing with Freudian discoveries is either to ignore them or to offer alternative hypotheses which cannot be checked by direct physical observation or experiment and which are as widely distanced from the original Freudian explanations as it is humanly possible to suggest. Fundamental modifications which Freud associated with individual development are displaced to a racial level: psychic energy is also derived from racial levels; it cannot be modified in any important respect by the individual; and to the extent that it can be modified, the essential changes are initiated in the conscious layers of the mind. It would seem indeed that Jung has been mesmerized by the concept of phylogenesis and has fallen into the vulgar error of imagining that there is some fundamental difference between phylogenesis and ontogenesis.¹ To be sure he attempts to safeguard himself by throwing his 'constitutional' net widely, by comprising under the racial factors which model the archetypes of the collective unconscious not only the experiences of prehistoric and primitive man but inherited experiences ranging from the biological activities of unicellular organisms down to the ideologies prevalent in the post-Reformation period. 'We need only go back a few hundred years,' he says, 'to reach the conscious level which forms the parallel to our (collective) unconscious content.' So far from safeguarding himself, Jung by this very argument cuts the ground from under his own psychological values. For if the archetypes include elements dating from the Gunpowder Plot we may well question whether the term 'collective' has any specific meaning, or, for the matter of that, why the archetypes should be supposed to be so wise, so venerable and so powerful. Alternatively we may inquire what cosmic influences existed during the Wars of the Roses to modify the libido in such a way that it gave rise to new and inheritable tendencies. In any case Jung seems unable to grasp that the phylogenetically old was once ontogenetically young and in fact crude. Moreover by his own admission the accretions to the collective unconscious are minute; and as he professes that what is inherited is a *tendency* to archaic modes of thinking it is obvious that the products of this tendency must be *repetitive* not cumulative. They cannot improve on themselves: they must, ontogenetically speaking, always be young and crude. From this angle the effect of the collective unconscious should be, in the mechanical sense of that

¹Phylogenesis=racial development; ontogenesis=individual development.

term, to 'seize' the whole mental apparatus, not to promote smooth function.

Such Jungian extravagances may well be due to an inherent incapacity to bridle the pen, a technical qualification not wholly disadvantageous to an imaginative writer but certainly a handicap to any scientist. It is perhaps cruel to hold Jung strictly to the letter of his published utterances. But after all one cannot ignore the fact that phylogenesis in its time was ontogenesis. Why should the privilege of ontogenetic development be denied modern man rather the modern infant? On the other hand why stop at the Reformation? Why not the day before yesterday? Why not here and now? In any case what numinous virtue attaches to phylogenesis? Is it not possible, following the hints given by Jung in *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, to attribute Jung's scientific errors to an incurable tendency to apotheosize psychological concepts? At any rate his theories would at once become comprehensible if we were to assume that God is the apotheosis of Phylogeny, of the Archetype, of Energy, of Consciousness and of the Self. But, as we shall see when studying his views on religion and its functions, this is an assumption to which Jung will not give his assent, preferring rather to characterize the idea of God as a functional phenomenon or utility appertaining to man.

Strictly speaking, speculations regarding motivation are beyond the scope of a comparative review of psychological systems, although it cannot be denied that Jung himself sets an inviting example in this respect when, commenting on Freud's theory of the neuroses, he says it is no doubt applicable to some cases and indeed that it is best illustrated by the example of Freud himself. In the present instance speculation over motivations is no doubt also a compensation for, as well as a reaction to, the arduous effort of distilling clear and unequivocal meaning from Jung's work. But it is no substitute for objective appraisal. Be that as it may, we are still under obligation to apply to his system the final test. How does his energy operate? To this crucial point we must now turn our attention.

[To be continued]

Part III will deal with Jung's mental mechanisms, the Jungian character-types, the Jungian theory of dreams and neuroses, and Jung's religious, social and political views.

GIGI RICHTER

BERLIN LETTER

JULY-AUGUST, 1948

WAS 'lifted' into Berlin by the R.A.F. early in the morning; not sitting on a sack of coal, since that was a pleasure reserved exclusively for correspondents doing an air-lift story, but in a Dakota transport with webbing seats, carrying nothing but unattractive lives.

In Berlin it was terribly hot and it smelt, and sometimes even smoked, like Mexico. The same sweet sickly smell, the choking dust, the crumbling houses, the terra-cotta coloured ruins, the many crippled and maimed, and the abject poverty of old people collecting bricks from a mountain of rubble, picking up cigarette stubs from the streets, or corn husks from a newly cut field. However, neat brick walls have been made to stop the avalanche of rubble, and in the Kurfürstendamm, wherever possible, the ground-floor shops have been rebuilt and there are once again luxury shops for the Berliners to gaze at when they trade their New Look. Also some of the small glass cases that used to line each side of the pavement have been rebuilt and are showing one luxurious sample, anything from an *objet d'art* to the best in black lace brassières. At the end of the Kurfürstendamm stands the ruin of the still abandoned Gedächtnis Kirche. In the fashionable residential area around the Tiergarten there is nothing. Nobody walks there, there is not a dog, or a tree, and even the palaces are uninhabited. The statues of the Sieges Allee, a quarter mile of blindingly white parallel rows of the former kings of Russia, gaze across small allotment gardens and stubble to a horizon of jagged ruins while the air-lift planes drone over this desert of desolation.

While talking to people in Berlin one gathered that before the currency reform life was relatively tolerable, although doubtlessly one would have admitted it at the time. Everyone who had any kind of earning power had a lot of money, and those others who had sold off their remaining possessions still got good prices for them. Apart from the rations, it was possible to buy food from the black market or go into the country and buy from or exchange

with the farmers. But now literally no one has any money. During the first month of the currency reform everyone was allowed six Deutsche Mark per head. After one month, savings accounts which had been deposited in 1947 were paid out in the ratio of one to ten. This meant that people actually had not enough money to buy a newspaper or take a tram. Nearly all salaries are paid in Russian Marks, and the problem of paying the rent was impossible until it was allowed to be paid in Russian Marks. During the beginning of the air-lift period only the rations could be flown in, and as these have never been adequate it was always necessary to live on a basic diet of potatoes and bread. The whole time that I was in Berlin there were no potatoes at all. So people were driven to exchange anything they had left for potatoes. On the trees there are small pieces of paper tacked up, headed 'For Sale', 'Trade Exchange', 'Wanted', and one day I watched a woman offering her winter coat for a kilo of potatoes, despite the protests of her neighbours who callously assured her she wouldn't necessarily need it if she didn't have any. Everywhere in Berlin food was the only topic of talk. Although the air-lift was a reassuring sound and was perhaps a Grand Gesture politically, no one has much hope about their fate when the winter comes. The Berliners jokingly call the planes 'Vitamin or Raisin bombers'; 'Spam in the Sky' was the American's version. In spite of the fact that one well-known English paper stated that people were seen waving to the planes with tears in their eyes, I personally saw no sign of this sentiment. People were wide awake to the fact that the air-lift could only be a temporary measure and were very much afraid that the Allies would leave Berlin and that they would be left to the Russians. The first question every German asked on meeting an Ally was 'Surely you are not going to leave us after all we have gone through' (for the Allies?). This curious self-pity and lack of historical memory remains, alas, an unfortunate unchanged national characteristic. On the other hand one must not forget the success of the British and American wartime propaganda broadcasts, promising 'liberation' to the German people.

The overwhelming fear of the Russians is the very natural result of the appalling way the Russian soldiers seem to have behaved during the two months when they alone occupied Berlin. During that time Berlin was overrun by 'victory-drunk' soldiers who raped and looted wholesale. However much justification

ere may have been for retribution, this does not allay the German's personal memories of the horror of repeatedly being raped, in cellar, underground, street, or even in hospital, regardless of whether they were seven or seventy and of also having their last few personal possessions looted or torn off them. According to Berliners the cry during that time from the Russians was 'Frau' or 'Uhr' (watch). People were systematically burnt out of their houses by fires being lit in the cellars, making escape most impossible.

I was particularly struck by the complete absence of the word 'Communism'. The Soviet Union no longer presented an ideological problem, but one of an Asiatic race, whose mentality it was impossible for a Westerner to understand. The whole question of fear has become so local that it is impossible for Berliners to project the menace or benefits of the principles of Communism to other countries.

The fight for survival in Berlin for a very low standard of life has become tremendous and takes every last reserve of energy. The really poor and starving people one no longer even sees, for they are lying at home on their beds, too weak to go out anywhere. No one has anything left so that it is well nigh impossible to excite hate against indigenous capitalists. The rich man of Berlin today, and I guess there are not more than two hundred, has perhaps six rooms, freshly painted, a large radio and gramophone, a daily maid and a broken-down small Mercedes, plus sufficient money (if he can get his Eastern Marks released by the Russians) to buy coal, food and clothes in the black market. He is probably half, if not completely, in the black market or at best living by his wits, for you can't be rich legally. In all, he has a great deal less than the average small successful business man in a 'democracy'. A handful of people are not enough to fight against so now all the revolutionary fire of propaganda in the Russian-controlled newspapers, propaganda organs, and recently at the Congress of Intellectuals, is being directed full blast against the old bogey, 'Wall Street Capitalism', and every G.I. riding around in a smart American car, waving a 'stick' of cigarettes or a candy bar, presents, is identified with, and has become an example of 'Wall Street Capitalism'.

One has to realize that a social revolution has taken place in Berlin, and it happened on the day the city surrendered. All

houses and flats have been turned into one- and two-room apartments. For instance, there are now nine people living in a nine room flat with one bathroom and one kitchen between them. Where there is a rubble-cleared flat area it has been turned into allotment gardens. Very slowly, with the help of the little rubble train whose tracks are laid across the streets, women laboriously clear away the mountains by hand. Since the blockade, all transport except the Russian-owned 'S' Bahn—the Berlin tube that goes through all sectors—stops at 6 p.m. Electricity has been cut to four hours a day, and half of it is at the useless hours of 2 to 4 a.m. making cooking almost impossible since the gas pressure is also too low to be of any use. No door-bells ring and all stairways are pitch dark since the stair windows are still boarded up.

I can add nothing to the description of 'official life' in Berlin—reproduced so graphically in the film *A Foreign Affair*, except to mention that the film has a time-lag. Russians and Americans haven't drunk together in a black-market 'sewer' as our Congresswoman puts it, for at least a year. Russian soldiers are looking for more than a drink when they leave their Sector today, and all night clubs have 'Off Limits for American Military Personnel' posted on them—in all sectors, including their own. Also that there are a handful of serious people trying to do a good job against hopeless odds.

With almost nothing left of the centre of the city, life goes on in the outer circle where there are still complete rows of houses left among the ruins and surprisingly enough every other villa is intact. The result of this decentralization and lack of transport is that people now rarely leave their neighbourhood. At the time I was there it was still possible to walk in and out of the Russian Sector without having to fear which side of the pavement you were on. On the other hand, it was not advisable to take a camera as that might lead to questioning and being locked up. In the Russian Sector itself, much less clearing up has been done and there is a peculiar absence of people walking about. For instance in Unter den Linden one might see at the most twenty people walking along. It was very odd. The Berliners themselves felt that their city was changing from a Western to an Eastern city.

But blockaded and in ruins, Berlin is still the cosmopolitan centre of Germany. Being ruled by four countries, as well as by the German Magistrat, makes for confusion but also brings

together five different points of view which is stimulating, if exasperating. Added to that, the Berliner has always been more independent and has more spirit than anyone else in Germany. In spite of the fear that the Russians will take over the whole city, and of the incredible living difficulties, I did not meet one single painter, sculptor, writer, etc., who wanted to leave Berlin. They showed an unparalleled optimism and an inextinguishable desire for life and faith in their city.

Berlin has today again three opera houses and eleven theatres licensed in the four Sectors, the two large opera houses being in the Russian Sector. During the past three years it was possible for the Germans to see an amazing number of plays by British, French, Russian, American, as well as German authors, with a predominance of contemporary works. I heard that the standard of acting and production was high, but on traditional lines, and no one spoke of any new innovations in theatrical production. When Sartre saw a performance of his *Les Mouches*, he is reported to have found the interpretation germanic, heavy, and depressing. People, I think, were most interested in seeing the works of Giraudoux, Anouilh, Cocteau and Sartre and least interested in the light comedies sent from England. Unfortunately, due to the fact that all the theatres but one had closed for the summer, I was able to see only the much-discussed *The Devil's General*, by Buckmeyer, the German poet who has been living in New York since before the war.

Apart from the large selection of films that have come from abroad, Berlin has three working film studios. But the only film that was made after the end of the war remains the best film so far. This was made in a Russian-licensed studio and has been seen in London (*The Murderers are Amongst Us*). I went to the remains of what was once the U.F.A. studios to see a preview of a new film, *Moraturi*. This was started with a Russian licence, but not following the party line exactly, the licence was taken away and the film was taken to Pommer and finished with an American work permit. *Moraturi* is a concentration camp story, and at the end of it one is left with the depressing realization that today, three years after the end of the war, there is no real freedom anywhere for these people.

There are three radio stations in Berlin. The American Rias, the Russian station which is in the Telefunken building in the

British Sector, and the British NWD Rundfunk, with its headquarters in Hamburg; the latter has tried with great success, especially with the artisan class, a twice-weekly, one-and-a-half hour 'Third Programme'. This programme tries to find new writers and musicians to broadcast, besides having already given Sartre's *Les Mouches*, Anouilh's *Eurydice*, Priestley's *They Came to a City* and Orwell's *Animal Farm*, the last for its political bias against Communism. But on the whole it is relatively free from Control Commission directives. The station is paid for from the two Marks licensing fee of three million radio owners.

The opera houses were closed for the summer, and there were no concerts. For composers and musicians there is the International Holiday Course for New Music at Schloss Kranichstein in Darmstadt, which has been held yearly since 1946. After the end of the war, due to the shortage of scores and every kind of material, a somewhat modest beginning was made with those works which, either from habit or because of their simplicity, were easy to perform. At the same time concessions were made to the public's conservative taste. Instead of immediately bringing new and experimental works, the operas by Puccini, Lortzing, Verdi, Leoncavallo and Tchaikovsky were performed. However, during the past three years a certain amount of music, either forbidden by the Nazis or recently composed, has been heard for the first time in Berlin. The otherwise most conservative Staatsoper performed the unusual combination of Puccini's late work, *Turk in Asia*, *Cloak*, with Ferruccio Busoni's protest against bureaucracy and war, *Arlecchino*; the young Italian composer, Gian Carlo Menotti's *Amelia Goes to the Ball*, Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, Hindemith's *Nobilissima Visione* and *Mathis der Maler*. The smaller Städtische Oper was the most ambitious, performing Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes* and Claudel and Honegger's *Jeanne d'Arc auf den Scheiterhaufen* to packed houses. Equally popular were the performances of William Walton's *Façaade* and Darius Milhaud's *Armen Matrosen*. Paris sent the Ballet des Champs Élysées and Josef Weidt's Ballet des Arts. Moscow sent the very popular De Cossack Choir, and America sent Menuhin and Kirkpatrick. The Berlin Philharmonic, since 1945 under the gifted Romanian conductor Sergiu Celibidache, played Symphonies 5, 6, 7, 9, 10 by Shostakovich, Prokofiev's *Romeo and Juliet Suite* and Honegger's *Symphonie Liturgique*. There are three Institutes for modern

music, giving chamber music recitals, and there is the Inter-Allied Music Lending Library to which the four countries send scores and books. Even the three radio stations have each their own orchestra, and in all there are about 30,000 practising musicians in Berlin. Beside the influx of foreign music, Furtwängler again conducts, and modern German composers, like Fortner of Heidelberg, Egk of Munich, Pepping, Hartman, and the foremost composer, Boris Blacher, are able to have their works played. Blacher, forbidden by the Nazis, finally had his Oratorium 'Der Grosse Inquisitor' performed in Berlin in 1947. The official American daily paper, *Die Neue Zeitung*, has Berlin's three best liberal critics on its staff. Friedrich Luft for theatre and radio, who himself has made documentary films; for music, H. H. Stuckenschmidt, an editor of the excellent monthly music magazine *Stimmen*, and as art critic, Will Grohmann, the writer on cubist and surrealist art, who has finally been able to leave Dresden via Leipzig, and is hoping to arrange an exhibition of Hartung, Uhlmann, Trökes and Zimmermann for Zervos in Paris. Perhaps the most amusing magazine is *Ulenspiegel*, a fortnightly ten-page magazine of literature, art and satire, with the accent on the last. It was started three years ago by Herbert Handberg, the cartoonist, and Günther Weissenborn, playwright. Handberg, who had first been a Communist and then a Socialist, spent twelve years in concentration camps and had the idea there to start a magazine with Weissenborn, who might best be described as a fellow-traveller. In 1945 they obtained a licence from the Americans, having stated their politics in their application, and were very successful. However, during the past year their paper quota was cut down from 75,000 copies to 50,000, and then finally to 25,000, when they were the first people in May of this year to return a licence to the Americans and immediately received a Russian licence for 130,000 copies. Since that time they have had no censorship and have continued to publish reproductions of paintings by Chagall, Van Gogh, Kubicek and Henry Moore; politically they try to make a bridge between East and West. So far they publish under the following words, 'The independent, uncensored *Ulenspiegel*, literary-satirical magazine, appears for the time being fortnightly with the permission of the AMA under the licence No. 436 . . .', and I think that they have been able to hold out the hope longer than anyone else, that a

bridge between East and West is possible, but even they have no illusions that they would have the same freedom if the Russians controlled the whole city.

There always remains the predicament of the liberal who thinks that by working for the Russians, or the Americans, etc., he can bring East and West together, and ultimately is faced with the decision of staying with either side and being one hundred per cent for them, or escaping to the other side, and, in the case of East to West, finding that after working for the Russians no one will trust him. Another East-West effort is the monthly magazine *Ost und West*, brought out by Alfred Kantorowicz, who tries to bring together the two political views and publishes a great deal of so far unknown foreign literature and the work of German emigrants. With an American licence was started the literary magazine *Das Lot*, edited by the American poet, Roditi, the French writer, Alain Bosquet, and the young German writer, Alexander Koval. Included in the first three issues were translations from *The Song of Maldoror*, Cyril Connolly's *Unquiet Grave*, and of works by Paul Bowles, Langston Hughes, F. Scott-Fitzgerald, as well as excerpts from Koval's book *Die Briefe Sebastian Schirelewahns*.

The Haus der Soviet Kultur is Russia's permanent *maison de réclame*. I was shown around by a charming Russian captain, who gave me long Russian cigarettes, showed me only half the building, and whose explanatory talk was continually being drowned by the drone of the air-lift planes. Housed in a nineteenth-century villa just off Unter den Linden, one cannot help being impressed by the amount of fresh white paint that has been lavished on the outside, to say nothing of all the gold paint on the inside. Even the cherubs and Madonnas on the ceiling of what is now the conference hall have been repainted in gay colours, the chairs have been regilded and the whole effect is overwhelmingly ornate. The furniture in the offices and halls is of the same period as the house, and—German. This was bought in Berlin. All this seemed very odd for a house supposedly showing the Russian way of life, but the captain explained that there was as yet no Russian furniture, due to a small transportation difficulty. Downstairs there are small exhibition rooms, a cinema and a small theatre. In one room there was an excellently arranged travelling exhibition of Mayakowsky. Besides a photographic record of his life, there were his amusing caricatures and drawings of people from the day

of the Revolution. Over these hung a long German inscription: 'Mayakowsky was and remains the most talented poet of our Soviet epoch—Stalin.' In another room there was a small children's book show. Russian fairy stories stood side by side with translations of Swift, Andersen and Mark Twain. Stalin and Lenin each have a room devoted to them but I was not invited to see them, and along the corridors there was a series of very funny caricatures on the democratic life of the American capitalists, even the women's gold ear-rings being made out of the dollar sign. On the top floor there is a small library mostly of newspapers and periodicals. In the offices hang examples of Quantity and Quality painters of the Soviet Union. The categories are theirs. Although nothing is being built in Berlin, architects are working on the plans; after the war, Sharoun and colleagues under the name of the 'Kollektif der Stadt Berlin' prepared a ground plan for the rebuilding which was exhibited in 1946. Berlin was to be a series of communities with 'cradle to the grave' facilities. The city concept was to remain with the central administration and the cultural centre running through the town on each side of the spree. Further, there was to be the closest possible connexion between work and home, in the hopes of returning people to their work and stopping them from living two lives. The whole was a plan for an integrated and responsible way of life. Now Sharoun is without a job, the plans having been turned over to conservative and reactionary architects. Before Hitler, Sharoun was one of Germany's leading modern architects, and was then forbidden to build. Today the only thing that he has been able to do has been an Exhibition Hall for the British in Hamburg. In Frankfurt, where I saw the only new and modern buildings on my whole trip, I heard much the same story and the architects, Hebebrandt, Krahn and Weber, are leaving, since they cannot work with the new conservative architectural *docent*. There was great bitterness that so soon after the end of the war they should be having to fight the same conservative taste of the old Spiessers of Hitler's time and sometimes even the very same people, who are being put in again by the Americans.

Since 1945 there has been not only a lively interest in modern art, but a tremendous demand for it. Museums in the Russian zone have had money at their disposal with which to rebuild their collections and have been buying the works of the living

artists without censorship. Private people, perhaps not otherwise interested in art, bought a great deal as an investment for their inflated Marks, and occupying personnel bought with cigarettes and coffee. The Magistrat is busy arranging a Museum of Modern Art and buying the work of contemporary artists. This is a happy innovation since Berlin has never had a Museum for Modern Art.

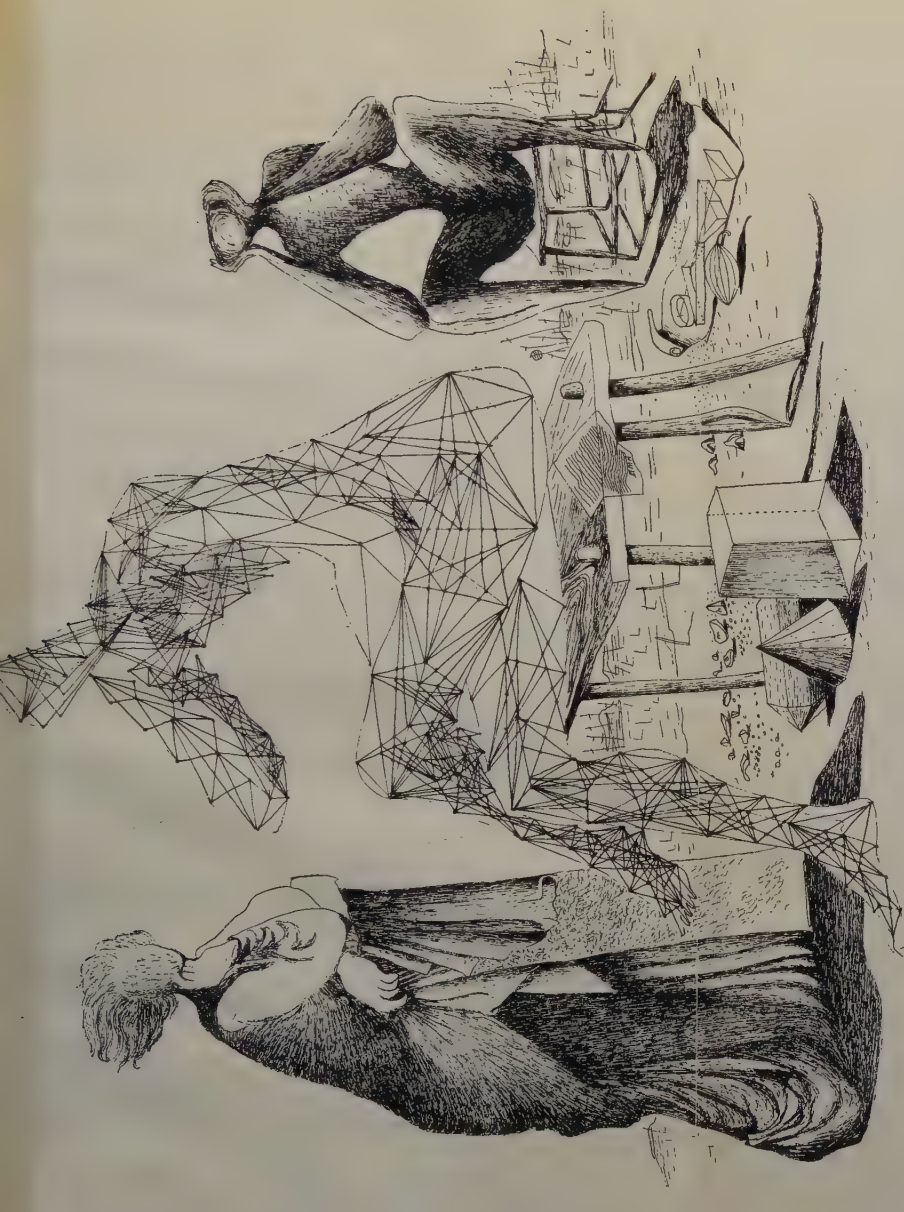
Successful for the first time in their lives, the artists were able to rebuild their bomb-shattered studios, buy materials, and even heat their studios in the winter. This alone cost one painter 10,000 Marks last year. Since the currency reform sales have dropped to almost nil. The Rosen Gallery on the Kurfürstendamm was, until recently, the most popular and *avant garde* gallery in Berlin. Already by the end of the summer of 1945, their two large show windows repaired, they started holding exhibitions which were a revelation to a city that had seen nothing of the work of the modern German painters and sculptors. The shows caused endless discussions and were extremely successful. One man shows were given to Hartung, Uhlmann, Trökes, Werner, Heldt, Thieman and Zimmermann, all from Berlin, as well as bringing the work of Baumeister from Stuttgart and Nay from Frankfurt. In May of 1947 they held a very beautiful exhibition of Negro Masks and Sculpture. Now, alas, most of the artists in the above list have left Mr. Rosen over a currency disagreement and have gone in body to the Galerie Franz, a smaller gallery in the Kaiserallee. More conservative is the Galerie Schuler, housed in a pleasant private villa in Zehlendorf where it held an excellent show of paintings by Jawlensky. He, with Kandinsky, Klee and Feininger was one of 'Die Blauen Vier'. Jawlensky had a strong influence on the expressionist school, and his brilliant, sad mask-like faces are still moving and hauntingly beautiful. The Gallery Bremmer is to be found in a top flat of an apartment house in Wilmersdorf. There was an interesting exhibition of paintings and etchings by Kirchner, one of 'Die Brücke' painters, and included some of his earliest coloured woodcuts done around 1900. At Bremmer's there was also sculpture by Bernhard Heiliger, the thirty-three-year-old sculptor who studied in Paris from 1938-9 and at that time met Despiau. During the war he was in the army, and since 1941 teaches at the Hochschule für Angewandte Kunst. This summer he was finally able to find a small studio behind the Brandenburger Tor, impossible to heat in winter. Here he was working



BERNHARD HEILIGER (born 1915). Stehende. Cement. 1947



KARL HARTUNG (born 1908)



MAC ZIMMERMAN (born 1912). Etching. 1947



in clay on his first large figure since before the war. His small figures in cement, stone or bronze are of lying, sitting, crouching women or boys—their small, tight, closed forms having a tremendous latent movement, the barely suggested faces seeming to look wildly inward. Although he is influenced by Despiau and by Indian sculpture, his work is much more individual and exciting than that of the well-known older Gerhardt Marx, who, in his very limited way continues the tradition of Kolbe, and Heiliger. Much more convincing than Hartung and Uhlmann's search for abstract forms. Hartung was neither allowed to work in the manner he wanted to, nor to exhibit before the war; then followed three years in the army. Now his work is strongly reminiscent of Arp and Moore.

Uhlmann, working in a small apartment room, is perhaps the beginning of an Alexander Calder. Also forbidden to work or exhibit, he worked as an engineer, having had his first and last exhibition in 1930, until the Gallery Rosen arranged one in 1947. When he started to work again, he began with static cubist heads in tin, and reliefs in plaster. Now he is working on rhythmic forms and figures made out of wire (collected from the ruins and rusted), which might lead to new and exciting mobiles.

Trökes, a highly-thought-of and successful surrealist painter, has been able to rebuild his bombed-out studio and form a small collection of early Max Ernsts. He also has an amusing example of the only Sunday painter, Mäder, who lives in his building and had an exhibition at the Rosen Gallery last year. Trökes is young, amusing and charming, but his paintings swing dizzily from Klee to Ernst, to Matisse, without any feeling for paint, but with an amazing technical facility of reproduction. Also forbidden to work or exhibit, he became a textile designer. Today, besides trying to paint, he teaches and writes on art. At the Galerie Tangel in Munich there was an exhibition of paintings by Gerhardt Dietz. In the world of Miró, Klee and Ernst, his small abstract and sensitive compositions, although perhaps a little slight, seem to be the convincing result of a long-evolved personal invention. Mac Zimmermann was caught by the blockade in Munich and has not been able to return to Berlin. He has done a series of excellent etchings of Chirico-like figures and driftwood with some personal invention, but when he tries to paint the same subjects they become heavy and dull. Nay is another big name

today: he is a flamboyant expressionistic-abstract painter living in Frankfurt and paints large expanses of violently coloured splashes of oil paint. Then there is Strecker who today lives in a pretty villa in Wannsee. Until 1941, when he was first locked up by the Vichy Government and then sent back to Germany, he lived in Paris and is the Bérard, Berman and Dufy, as well as the leading stage-designer, of Berlin. Like so many others, he is professor at an art school, and I am sure that that is one of the pitfalls of being a successful painter in Germany, or for that matter anywhere, and another Herr Professor is the quite capable abstract painter Kubicek, who is now teaching at a University in the States.

A singularly apt form of description is to be found in one of the Rosen Gallery's catalogues, here describing the work of Ernst Geitlinger; but changing the ingredients it seems to be applicable to practically everyone in Germany (and, alas, elsewhere). It reads: 'Pour some Chagall into a bottle, add a little Paul Klee, but also a shot of Adolf Dolfinger, then shake the mixture thoroughly and . . . Ernst Geitlinger drops out of the bottle. . . .'

Noak, the biggest foundry in Berlin, works as before. The busts of Hitler have vanished, and now, with a few remaining Eisenhowers, the shelves are lined with Russian Generals. Since the currency reform their only clients have been the Russians for whom they are casting a fifteen-yard-high monument for Karlshorst. This is of a benign, fatherly Russian soldier holding a small child on his massive breast, the base being amply decorated with yards of classical leaf friezes. All the other clients can no longer even afford to collect their already finished bronzes, for, as Renée Sintennis explained, Noak's prices are as high today for casting alone as her price for the finished work was before the war. It is amusing to see an abundance of finished work like Lehmbruck's lovely Kneeling Woman, a large number of figures by Gerhard Marx, and the little medievalist Ernst Barlach, and the unbelievably massive and academic Beethoven Monument for Frankfurt which was Kolbe's last work before he died. Being too heavy to be lifted out, it sits in the courtyard.

Renée Sintennis, charming and beautiful as if she were thirty instead of sixty, has never left Berlin despite every invitation imaginable. Now she lives in a two-room flat surrounded by her

hall, gentle and sensitive animal sculptures, and a charming romantic, realistic Rousseau, the only thing that she saved from her burnt and bombed-out studio.

There is now, naturally, a tremendous reaction against all Hitler-sponsored art, the epitome of which were the mammoth sculptures by Brecher, whose studio had to be emptied and closed because so many American soldiers broke into it. Occasionally one still finds gargantuan heads lying about abandoned, on a street or in a courtyard. The art sponsored by the Americans is only third rate. They have just started a new club for their pet artists, called 'Berlin 1948', housed in a beautiful private villa; it provides mainly fifteen meals a month for the members and their wives. One of the leading lights of this American version of the *Jeune* (an artists' club in the Russian Sector), is a painter called Vetter who paints melodramatic, morbid, cheap and vulgar portraits. Vetter was given a large exhibition by the Americans and has been bought a great deal by them, his extenuating circumstance being that he suffered a certain amount of persecution by the Nazis, only painting a portrait of Furtwängler when 'forced' to, for which noble deed an American newspaper writer wrote him up as a martyr. Vetter is on the governing body of the Berlin 1948 Club, which decides who may become a member on a predominantly political basis. He is also on a committee of twelve who are starting a 'free' artists league, this has resulted in the split from the Kultur Bund (which is on the other side of the Potsdamer Platz, and, although with a political bias, has a very large and active membership of artists and writers). Another new venture is the effort to create a new and 'free' university in the American Sector. This was caused by the expulsion from the Berlin University, which is in the Russian Sector, of three students who had written an article in the student magazine, against some of their professors, especially criticizing them for sitting on the university platform in polo-necked sweaters. The expulsions caused meetings and riots and gave the impetus to form a new university. This has not a great chance of succeeding; though the American Government is giving buildings and books, and universities in the States have promised to send visiting professors, it is going to be very difficult to organize and find an adequate staff to begin again in the autumn. Also the University library is in the Russian Sector, so that it will

be a university virtually without a library. And so it goes on, the split in the city becoming ever wider. On this basis there seems little chance for the survival of Berlin; the Russian domination of the city seems too powerful to be combated with the weak forces that the Western Powers are able to throw into the fight.

BETTY MILLER

ALFRED

ONE Saturday afternoon in 1888, while the Italian Exhibition was in full swing, there might have been observed, sitting side by side in a carriage as the Switchback Railway pitched and hurtled its way along the undulating track, a young man of twenty-three who appeared to be enjoying the experience, and a gentleman in his early fifties who equally obviously was not. When, amid the general exhilaration of its passengers, the railway came finally to a standstill, the couple dismounted, and the middle-aged gentleman, steadying a bowler hat upon his brows, was heard to observe of his recent experience '*that it was damnable*'. His companion, who had suggested the ride, was conciliatory: the motion might be ridiculous, but the sensation, he stoutly affirmed, was grand. Soon after, the two parted. The young man met a friend; they made their way together to the Coliseum, where they were to see a spectacle entitled '*Rome Under the Emperors*'. The middle-aged gentleman returned to Clifford's Inn. Ascending the broad flight of stairs to the second floor, he let himself into his chambers. In the crowded sitting-room, with its big plaster cast of the Farnese Hercules, its upright piano dedicated to the music of Handel, its reproductions and photographs of Italian old masters hung from frame along the dingy white-panelled walls, he settled down at his table, and, adjusting his glasses, began to read through an article he had lately written for *The Universal Review*, protesting against the removal, from its accustomed shelf in the Reading Room of the British Museum, of Frost's *Lives of Eminent Christians*; a book he had been in the habit of using as a prop beneath his blotting-pad, and without whose support (such was his contention) his future literary output on his part must be seriously impaired.

On Monday morning, the young man reappeared. His name was Alfred, and he had been engaged by Mr. Samuel Butler as clerk, valet and general attendant at a salary of twenty-five shillings a week. By this time, Mr. Butler (who had formed at Cambridge the habit of early rising), still in his night-shirt, had already lit his fire, boiled a kettle for his bath, dressed himself, broiled his breakfast chop, cleared away the dishes, and was either reading *The Times* in his armchair or making notes at the table for his day's work. The scratching of Alfred's key in the lock meant that nine-thirty had arrived, and with it the fifteen or twenty minutes of gossip, domestic and personal, that had become for the two men an invariable prelude to the day's routine. On this occasion, Alfred was to inform Mr. Butler that the young lady to whom he was engaged, tired of waiting, had announced her intention of marrying another. Since it was on his recommendation that Alfred had deferred his marriage, Mr. Butler looked sharply for a moment at his clerk. It was clear, however, that Alfred was by no means perturbed by this turn of events; and his overt pleasure in the fact that nothing, now, was to come between him and his service to the Governor, was equalled only by the gratification, in this prospect, of the Governor himself. So much established, they passed on to a discussion of the day's marketing: the meat to be ordered from Darwin's, the butcher, for from Mrs. French's ham and beef shop in Fetter Lane; and Mr. Butler prepared, at length, to depart for the British Museum, but not before Alfred had looked him over carefully, and informed him, with some emphasis, that on no account must he fail, that week, to visit Mr. Skinner's in the Turnstile and have his hair cut. Soon after one, the Governor was home again. He had his lunch, cooked for him on such occasions by his laundress; a plate of meat and vegetables, no soup or sweet. At two, Alfred returned, to find his employer seated in his shirt-sleeves at the piano. Alfred's heart sank. Mr. Butler had recently undertaken the musical education of his clerk, and Alfred feared that, despite his own opposition to the prospect, he was to be made, once again, to practise his scales. (There had been lessons in astronomy, too, but these Alfred himself put a stop to. 'Never allude to the subject again in my presence' was what he finally said.) On this occasion, however, Mr. Butler, who had bought himself two cameras, one for snapshots, the other for time-exposures, decided that he wished to

make some slides. They went together into the dark-room and shut the door. 'Now, Alfred,' said Mr. Butler (he had been taking lessons in photography), 'we must be careful. I am afraid that I shall get confused.'

'Yes, sir, *you* will,' said Alfred; 'but *I* am here.' His assurance was justified: the slides were successfully exposed, and master and man emerged, blinking, into the light of day. There followed an hour's quiet activity, in which Mr. Butler classified his material for the *Life and Letters of Dr. Butler*, and Alfred typed out his notes for him. Nothing broke the silence for a time but the rhythmic tapping of the big Columbia typewriter. Under cover of this activity, Alfred seized the opportunity of writing a letter of his own. It was addressed to Mr. Festing Jones. 'Dear Sir,' he wrote, 'Will you please be so kind as to take Mr. Butler to a theatre one evening next week, as I think the change would do him good. He is having rather a harassing time just now. If you will do so I shall be very pleased. Yours very truly, Alfred Cathie.'

An hour passed, and it was time for tea. The Governor leaned back and lit the first cigarette of the day; and Alfred, gingerly handling the big kettle, wetted the tea. (The woollen kettle-holder hanging beside the grate and knitted for him by his late friend Miss Savage, Mr. Butler would allow no one to touch but himself.) The teacups rinsed and returned to the pantry, they pulled their chairs up to the table again. This time, the Governor dealt with his correspondence, and Alfred did the accounts, or wrote out the monthly cheques to Mr. Pauli and to Mr. Festing Jones. The daily expenditure balanced to the last halfpenny, he closed the books; quietly, so as not to disturb the Governor, he trimmed the oil-lamp, filled the coal-scuttle and fetched up water from the tap in the court below. Mr. Butler stamped the last of the letters and gave them to him to post; it was now nearly six o'clock. Alfred was ready to leave. They parted with equanimity; secure in the knowledge that morning would bring about a renewal; the resumption of a routine whose tranquil rites had become for each an indispensable part of their daily existence.

During his lifetime, it was sometimes assumed by people who knew little of him, that Samuel Butler, an aggressive and embittered man, lived in circumstances that were appropriately sombre and impoverished, or eccentric. One of his contemporaries described

as living 'the queerest hermit-like life in an old Inn of Court, attended only by a boy called Alfred who was at once servant, friend, and butt for his master's pleasantries'; a misrepresentation that aroused the always ready and in this case very natural indignation of Butler himself. The fact is, of course, that those who saw it only from the outside could have little idea of the true nature of Butler's existence; of the satisfaction to be derived from a mode of life, enclosed on itself, whose abiding motive was the protection, from the interference as from the influence of others, of his own creative powers. 'My normal day is pretty much the same always,' he wrote to a friend, 'and I assure you it is a very happy life.' On the restrictions, the regularity, the very monotony of that day, was based the secret not only of his own steady output, but of his physical well-being; and the routine he had devised for himself, whose simplicity precluded the anxieties of choice, made each day a channel, secure and secretive, from which creative activity was not to be diverted.

Upon the death of his father in 1886, Samuel Butler made two changes only in his established routine. He bought a larger wash-basin for his bedroom, and he engaged Alfred Emery Cathie as his clerk. Of his father Butler once said 'An unkind fate never threw two men together who were more naturally uncongenial than my father and myself.' In a note on Alfred Cathie he wrote: 'I do not believe that two men were ever thrown together more fitted to one another.' The note goes on: 'My place is exactly the one for which he is most adapted, and he is absolutely the sort of man I like to have about me. There is, in fact, "a semblable coherence between his spirits and mine" than which I can imagine nothing more enviable or more likely to be enduring.'

Enduring it was to be. For fifteen years, the grave young man with the drooping brown moustache went daily to and fro between Holsworthy Square, off the Grays Inn Road, and Clifford's Inn: for fifteen years he led two distinct and wholly contrasted lives in which the tranquil and pedantic intimacy of Clifford's Inn was balanced by a vigorous and full-blooded domesticity in Holsworthy Square. Although he showed himself, when in due course the necessity arose, a dutiful husband and an affectionate, if autocratic, father, there is no doubt that, for him, the claims of Holsworthy Square were always subordinate to any that might be laid upon him from Clifford's Inn. And as the years

went on, his responsibilities, in that respect, were multiplied. Alfred Cathie became the keeper not only of Samuel Butler's accounts, of his correspondence, of his clothes, but even of his conscience. 'I began to feel,' wrote Butler, 'that I was like a basket that had been entrusted to a dog'; and it was with Alfred and himself in mind that he used the simile in *Erewhon Revisited*. On one occasion, Butler forgot to keep an appointment. 'Alfred was very much put out, and after blowing me up sufficiently, he said: "And now, Sir, for the future let it be an understood thing that if I am told nothing will ever go wrong".' The justice of this claim, which Butler fully endorsed, is aptly illustrated: for Butler collected and preserved a series of notes written to him by his clerk, which throw a fascinating light on Alfred's method of attack, on the nature and range of his authority. Here, according to Butler, are a few of those notes:

'This is the last notice from Alfred to the effect that Samuel Butler, Esq., is to buy himself a new Hat on Wednesday morning the 8th of November, 1893. Failing to do so, there will be a very awful scene on his return to Clifford's Inn.—Alfred.'

'You are to work here tomorrow (Tuesday) until 12 o'clock. Then you are to go to Peel's or Wilkinson's and get your dinner. Then reach Drury Lane by 5 to 1 (not later). Put early door 2/4. When you are inside, and cannot get a seat in the middle, go to the left-hand side and you will see better.'

'Please do not forget to trim your beard this afternoon, so as to look nice and prim at Miss Sichel's tomorrow.'

'My dear Sir—You are requested by Alfred to leave off your music composing at 8 o'clock sharp, and to go for a walk on the Embankment (weather permitting). Please don't forget, for there will be no excuse for you.'

In editing these communications, Butler wrote 'I am proud of having received and treasured these scraps of Alfred's than I am of all my books put together'. The note of exaggeration is characteristic: Butler sometimes acted towards his clerk as Eckermann in the presence of Goethe; and Conversations with Cathie, reported in detail, word for word, even, occupy a considerable portion not only of his notebooks, but of his letters to his relatives and friends. 'Alfred is to me half son, half nurse, always very dear friend and playmate rather than workfellow', he wrote to Rerik Faesch: 'in fact he is, and has been for the past ten years, my right

And indeed, there was scarcely an activity of Butler's with which he was not associated. He accompanied Butler to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum. He went with him on his weekly excursions to the countryside in search of exercise and egg-laid eggs. He visited Butler's friends; and he was present when in turn they visited him. He went regularly with his employer to the opera and to the theatre: they visited Drury Lane together, or the Grand; and every year they went to the pantomime at the Surrey, where, amid an atmosphere of seasonal abandon, they saw Victor Stevens 'in stays, bathing-drawers and long dishevelled black hair' in a riotous baths and washhouse scene that brought the house down. Every year, moreover, Butler made a point of taking Alfred with him on one of his excursions to the continent, coming back with photographs of 'Alfred on The Field of Waterloo', 'Alfred on the Rigi', 'Alfred at the S. Gotthardo', etc. In preparation for these journeys, which interrupted, temporarily, the routine at Clifford's Inn, Alfred used to bring out the big Gladstone bag, and the 'Inventory for Foreign Outings' which he had drawn up under Butler's direction the previous year. This list, a very comprehensive one, included, amongst the more usual handkerchiefs and socks, such items as a telescope, an Umbrella, a Horn Cup, Diarrhoea Pills, Diachylon Plasters, Curlpapers, and a Stiletto. Alfred's pleasure in these excursions, however, was a very mixed one. In Wassen he was terrified that the mountains would fall upon him and bury him: at the top of the Rigi he was thankful to turn away from the view and read a copy of *Tit-Bits*. He was not altogether sorry, perhaps, when the arrival of his first child put an end to these outings: thereafter, he went every year to Bournemouth with his family, and Butler, who continued to go abroad, went without him. Whenever he undertook such a journey, however, Alfred always accompanied him to the station. After one such occasion, he wrote a letter to Butler. He had, he said, a complaint to make. 'You never looked out of the carriage window to see me standing on the platform as I always do,' he wrote. 'There was I, standing in the rain, and you never looked at me. Yours truly, Alfred.'

In May 1902 Samuel Butler went abroad for the last time. He was in failing health when he set out; he reached Naples by slow stages, and once there it was clear to him that he could go no further. In Bertolini's Palace Hotel he was forced to take to his

bed; whence, alone and ill, he had no pastime but to contemplate the field of his existence which time had alarmingly denuded of its most familiar and congenial features. The circle of his friends had always been a restricted one: now Pauli was dead; Miles Savage was dead; Marie Dumas was dead; he had quarrelled with his friend Gogin; and, at this late stage in their relationship, he had quarrelled even with Festing Jones, who had grown restive under a patronage which he had accepted with docility for over a quarter of a century. There was still Alfred, however: in the thought of Alfred was compensation and reassurance. Butler took pen and paper and wrote a letter to his clerk, telling him of the condition in which he found himself. Immediately on receiving the letter, and conquering his dislike of foreign travel, Alfred set out from London. He found Butler, attended by an Austrian nurse, shrunk, feeble and alarmingly pale: he was suffering from pernicious anaemia and had only a month to live. Alfred brought him back to London. In a nursing-home in St. John's Wood Butler sent for his solicitor and altered his will: Alfred was to be the principal beneficiary: Streatfield, not Festing Jones, his executor. That settled, he resigned himself to the attentions of an eighty-two-year-old homeopathist, and waited, without fear or misapprehension, for what was to come. Although his cousin Reginald Worseley, and Festing Jones were both present at the end, it was to Alfred that his last words were addressed. 'Have you the cheque-book, Alfred?' he said. It was a familiar query, an echo, the last, of many hours of happy and profitable intimacy. Satisfied with Alfred's reply, with his presence at his side, he closed his eyes: soon after, as the long summer dusk was deepening into night, peacefully and in no pain, Samuel Butler died.

He was cremated at Woking on the twenty-first of June. According to his wish, there was no pall, there were no flowers, and no service was held. In the presence of Festing Jones and Alfred Cathie, his ashes were buried in the grounds at Woking, and nothing remains to mark the spot that received them.

★ ★ ★

For many years, the inhabitants of Manor Park, near Ilford, used to see going about the streets or shops, an elderly gentleman, sparse and very upright, whose bearing had about it a certain undefinable air of eccentricity and of distinction. His clothes,

old-fashioned cut, were scrupulously brushed and pressed; he wore a big winged collar and a heavy watch-chain. The small drooping military-looking moustache was grey; and under a heavy brow, faded blue eyes looked out upon the world with an expression that, in later years at least, was often curiously reserved and embittered. Very careful of his health as of his general appearance, this gentleman, Mr. Alfred Cathie by name, was often taken in the neighbourhood to be at least ten years less than his actual age; a miscalculation that never failed to gratify his own self-esteem. Because of a certain gallantry of manner, that set him apart from the modes of the present day, he was popular with women: he knew by name all the waitresses and shop assistants in Manor Park; and at 'The Angel', in Ilford, where he went regularly for his wineglassful of brown ale, he had a habit of standing for a moment on the threshold until he had attracted their attention, and then, hand raised to his brow, according to the members of the Ladies' Orchestra there a remarkably dignified and soldierly salute. This joviality, however, covered a deep reserve: and it dropped from him, very often, as soon as he turned out at the gate of the house where he lived: a house whose proportions, spiritual if not material, curtailed too severely the scope of his own private horizon. For twenty years, he had lived here with his married daughter and her family: for more than twenty years he had existed, a stranger and an exile in the midst of his own flesh and blood. The clue to that alienation, its code, as it were, was to be found in a few hieroglyphics inscribed in a ring that he wore always on the fourth finger of his left hand. It was a gold magnet ring, and it bore the initials 'S.B.' and two dates: '18th Jan. 1887-18th June 1902'. The former was the day on which he first set eyes on Samuel Butler: the latter, the day on which he saw him for the last time. Within the span of those years was contained all that he had ever valued.

It is curious to think that throughout the bombs, the black-out and the Vengeance weapons of our twentieth-century civilization, Alfred Cathie was still sitting, in his slippers, at Samuel Butler's desk: still, in his beautiful unhurried handwriting, making out lists and inventories, or, over the last pipe of the evening, balancing the day's expenditure down to the last halfpenny. Samuel Butler's massive silver watch, ticking away in his waistcoat pocket, still regulated for him a day based on the routine and the

habits of Clifford's Inn. That routine was at variance with the life of the household about him; it was at variance, even, with the facts of contemporary life: he adhered to it, nevertheless, and with marked tenacity, since bound up in it was the secret of his own identity, almost of his own self-preservation. It took him back to a day when his presence and his judgement were equally valued when a casual word of his was noted and even recorded; when, in his own right, he had become a legend, and a legend, moreover, whose proportions he could continue to control and to enhance. Now the legend was forgotten, or it had no longer any meaning of that once enchanted circle, all were dead; and only Mrs. Goggin, an old lady in her eighties, continued to live on in a house at Redhill, Surrey.¹ Alfred Cathie bore the world a grudge for forgetfulness. Like a displaced person, a man cut off from a vital focal point in his own existence, he continued to go about the streets and shops of Manor Park: not one of the people he met or spoke to, not even his own contemporaries, knew anything of the world he had known: not one of them could fathom the nature or extent of his deprivation.

Abruptly, in his later years, this conspiracy of silence was broken in upon by a voice from the outer world. It took the form of a request: an invitation to discuss, with an admirer, the life and friendships of Samuel Butler. As in the palace of the Sleeping Beauty, the spell broken, a whole system of memories, of references sprang at once to life in him: and, although he was characteristically cautious, when the moment came, in disposing of his now limited stock of memories, inwardly, he was as delighted as an actor who has been granted, after long retirement, the centre of the stage. On the first occasion, it was a journalist, writing a book about Samuel Butler, who visited him in his home at Manor Park and even took him on an excursion to Cambridge: on the second, more startling still, a gentleman from the B.B.C. who invited him to Portland Place in order to discuss with him, informally, his memories and impressions of life at Clifford's Inn. The voice of Alfred Cathie, Butler's 'dear friend and playmate' was to be heard again: Alfred's voice, silenced so long by indifference or neglect was to be listened to, and not by an audience of one or two, but of many thousands. The broadcast took place in his family, who had been listening, informed him that

¹ She died in March, 1948, at the age of 92.

d sounded exactly like Syd Walker: and at that, conclusively, Manor Park claimed him again. It claimed him, this time, for good. The excitement and the repercussions died away: there were no more letters and summonses from the outer world; the silence returned, heavier, blanker, more impenetrable than before. So convinced was he, as the years went on, that this oblivion was final, that he began to discard, carelessly or resentfully, such mementoes of Samuel Butler as he had not already disposed of to dealers. 'No one is interested,' he would say; or 'No one will want this when I'm gone'. It was as if, having outlived the reality, outlived even the legend of his life, impatient to depart, he was in the act now, of hastening on his own dissolution.

He died on the thirtieth day of March 1947. The cremation took place a few days later in the presence of his relatives. According to his wish, there was no pall, there were no flowers; and no service was held. His ashes were dispersed in the grounds of the crematorium; and nothing remains to mark the spot that received them.

JOHN ROBINSON

. . . ALL THIS JUICE AND ALL THIS JOY'

THEY had come to the end of the gravel road; it sloughed off down the side of the cliff leaving a gaping crater. The entire hillside had caved into the ocean. The beach seemed miles below them. Steep, worn paths led down through the crater and into a thicket of scrub pine. Below the thicket, short stretches of path, streaks of red clay, ran at various levels on the face of the cliff, horizontally, in and out of clusters of trees. In some places large boulders blocked the way. Far down, high finger-like promontories jutted into the water, masses of eroded, striated rock, purple, blue, yellow in the sunlight.

The beach was strewn with rocks of all shapes, round, black, listening; tall, sharp, set at crazy angles in the sand. Off shore good boulders as large as houses, flat planes of light and purple

shadow. To the left of these the wreck of a freighter lay, a black angle of bow and mast pointing seaward, pointing to a lighthouse that stood out in the ocean. The lighthouse, piled-up white cylindrical tiers, rose from a base of grey rock. Safe from the corroding shore, it had a timeless serenity. Far beyond were shadowy island peaks; to the right a crescent of rugged coastline curved back to the base of the bluff on which the lighthouse stood.

The sun was warm, the sea was surging beneath a jelly-like surface. The trees were windblown, one-sided, straining away from the ocean in every branch. There was no wind against them today. For all their tortured shapes, they thrived in the rocky wastes in mobile attitudes of flight.

'Tom, don't you think we'd better go back?'

'Let's see what it's like,' he said. He put his arms about her and kissed her.

He wore an Army uniform with a shiny gold discharge button in the lapel of the jacket. They set out down the face of the cliff. Tom reaching back to steady her.

They could hear a distant whiplash of rifle fire. A thin column of smoke rose from the beach near the water's edge. Once the path went down into a gulch, then back up again. Once it became slippery steps, caked clay and roots of trees. In the thickets it was dense and moist, sunlight coming through in dusty streaks. Flies slow and sensuous, swam in and out the light. Tall, lush ferns gave out their own pale-green radiation. A matting of straws covered the earth and the sharp odour of pine came from where they stepped. In these shady spots they stopped for long embraces.

In the open again they saw two boys on a promontory below them, one lying naked on his back in the sun; the other, clad in shorts, held a rifle and sighted a seagull that lit on the mast of the sunken ship. While they watched, he picked off the gull, the whipping sound coming simultaneously with the hollow plunk of the bullet striking the body. The bird plummeted into the ocean and another eagerly replaced it on the mast.

They kept off the higher path, coming into a clearing where the road continued. Two girls of fourteen or fifteen walked their arm in arm. A small boy hiding in a thicket rushed out at the girls. When they turned on him suddenly, he slid on the gravel

opping still, his arms outstretched in arrested motion. He blushed. It was the end of his plan; the next move failed him.

'Silly thing!' said one of the girls. The boy turned and ran. Here the couple saw the first touch of new green pussywillows pushing out their fuzzy stiff round spikes of bloom. Ice-plants, winter blooming, with yellow and lavender cups grew along the road; the pulpy, rust-coloured leaves popped as they trod on them. 'This is the very first day of spring,' said the girl.

They took a path that led down through the pines, lifting away the tree branches that laced the way. The girl stopped once to pick up a fragment of yellowed postcard. It cracked and split like parchment. On one side was a red heart with the words: 'There'll be a Great Day Coming.' They held it up to read the message on the other side. 'When the war is . . . and you'll be . . . I'll be . . . waiting if you want me to.'

'Like us,' said Tom. It was the occasion for another long kiss.

'Let's rest here a minute, honey.'

'It's too dark,' she said.

He took her hand and they crawled beneath the branches of the pine trees. The floor of needles yielded to pressure like a mattress.

'Nice,' said Tom.

She sat primly, her dress pulled taut over her knees. Her head stuck out above the lower level of branches and black upright stems closed in on all sides. She felt like a swimmer with her head above water. She looked up through layer on layer of branches and could see only small specks of sky. Suddenly she felt that all this was *under water*.

Tom lay beside her and put his arms about her.

'What do you think of my nephew?' she said all at once.

'Good boy.' He tightened his hold on her.

'He was so excited about the Easter bunny this morning. We hid the eggs all in plain view but still we had to lead him to them. In no time at all he had smashed every one. I think he—watch out, honey, my hair is caught!'

Tom was pulling her down beside him. She untangled her hair slowly, carefully, then lay back stiffly on the pine straw.

'Tom, I think we'd better go. I'm afraid. I thought I heard somebody—'

Somewhere on the cliff above them Tom too thought he had heard a crackling of twigs.

'It's all right.' Turning on his side he pulled her to him and their bodies lay touching all along. 'Nothing but the wind.' He kissed her and she trembled as though she were cold.

The two girls the couple had met went on down towards the ocean. They walked out on one of the promontories and were followed by three boys of about their own age. The boys made threats of throwing them over the precipice but the girls were not afraid. One, fragile looking, with long yellow hair falling down her back, paid little attention; the other, clad in blue dungarees and a tight sweater, argued loudly with them. The boys peppered the girls with pine-cones. The girl in dungarees chased them.

'Let's look at the caves,' said one of the boys, and the girl in dungarees went off with them. The other girl sat motionless, till watching a white fishing boat with its triangle of white sail and its swarming constellation of seagulls pass close by the lighthouse.

The boys and the girl in dungarees took a trail that wound above the man on the beach.

'He must be nuts to build a fire on a day like this,' the girl said. The boys pushed her ahead of them over the steep walls of rock. They pulled her roughly, tripped her, at times falling in a heap on the ground. She gave them blow for blow. They raced where they came into open places.

'Look,' said one of the boys. He pointed to the primitive obscene drawings that covered the walls of the cave, with initials, dates, messages. The girl, breathless from the climb, studied the pictures. Another tussle ensued, the three boys against the girl. They lifted her over their heads.

'Hey, look out! You're undressing me!'

'Wait, I'll show you how to throw a girl.'

He tripped her and they fell on the sand. He sat astride her stomach and pinned her arms down with his hands. Red-faced and panting, they stared at each other. The other boys swirled out of the cave, scrambled up the side of the rock and peeped in from above, calling out, taunting.

The man on the beach chopped wood and kept up the fire. His axe was made of a piece of flint and a hand-carved wood handle. He was past middle-age, with a pale face and a brooding, thoughtful

ok. He had on a shabby suit with the coat buttoned up, a t, no shirt. Above his coat the green markings of a tattoo showed beneath the hair on his chest. He was barefoot and his trousers were rolled up almost to his knees. He could hear the sound of the rifle somewhere above him, but could not see the boy who held it. He watched the gull light on the mast, waited for hear the plop of the bullet against the body, to see the shock and watch the fall. Not being able to see the source he felt that the bullet was the thing, that it determined its trajectory and selected its victim. He whittled a stick and pondered that this might be some sacrifice the birds made for the sake of their kind. They seemed to do it willingly, even joyfully, and with intent. It pained him like a hurt done something or someone in a dream. And he felt pity for birds and for people. He shook his head. From a rock he lifted a brown paper bag. He took from it an Easter egg, sky blue. Slowly he peeled the egg and ate it. Finished, he crushed the shell to bits in his hand.

'Got him!' called the boy with the rifle to the other boy who was sunbathing. The latter was preoccupied with his suntan. He lay naked on his trousers and shirt, beside him his shoes and a camera. Lying on his belly, he twisted his neck and tried to see the pimples on his back, at the same time trying to feel them with his hand. He was hopeful that the sun would dissipate them before summer came and time to go to the public bathing beach. All winter he had gone regularly to the gymnasium, standing before the long mirrors, heaving barbells and lifting weights. In the mirrors he estimated his body day by day. He worried about the calves of his legs being too small and tried special exercises for them.

He and his friend, the boy with the rifle, went to the beach often in summer. They lay on a blanket, self-conscious, displaying their muscular, brown bodies. They did handstands and other stunts which they had perfected, aloof from the crowd but aware of the gaze of spectators who passed their way. Girls sometimes came and talked to them, but not receiving their accustomed flattery, soon went away.

'Got him, too! Say, I'm getting pretty good at this.'

A man stepped out of a pine thicket behind them. He wore a turtle-neck sweater and was hatless. He was stocky and his skin had a luminous, hairless look. He sat down tentatively on a tree

stump, regarding first one boy then the other. Under his absorbing stare the boy lying on the ground felt uneasy. The other boy continued to shoot, taking careful aim, paying attention to his stance. He picked off a gull, turned to see what impression his prowess made on the man. The man got up quickly, nervously, and went over to him.

'Want to see some pictures?' he said, his right hand fidgeting in his pants pocket. He pulled out a pack of creased and soiled photographs, almost forcing them into the boy's hands.

The boy looked at them reluctantly at first, putting aside his rifle.

'Want to see some dirty pictures, Bill?'

The other boy got up slowly, put on his pants. The boys passed the pictures between them. The man's hands fluttered about them like caged wild birds.

'Saw something good a little while ago,' he said. 'Couple back there . . .' His story was so disconnected the boys had trouble following it.

The boy who had lain on the ground blushed. He turned and walked away, kicking at pine-cones with his heel, looking intent at the lighthouse, pretending that he hadn't heard, or only half heard, everything being experimental today, touching him lightly. He climbed around the side of a rock and sat on a high shelf above the ocean. There in the shadow he squatted like one of Audubon's drab females of the species—listless, while the mate preens himself in brave colours and defies the world.

'Why you —. You dirty —!' He heard the sputtering epithets of the boy with the gun. He got back in time to see the man with the pictures reel and his knees crumple under him. The boy hit him again and again, hard punches that found an echo among the rocks.

The man fell to the ground and the boy stood over him. Painfully, the man lifted his body to a sitting position and put his hands to his head. Blood streamed between his fingers and ran down over his face and sweater. His face seemed painted with blood. He mumbled something almost unintelligible and the boys heard only fragments: ' . . . wanted to be like you . . . the road I came. . . '

'We ought to hit him with a stick or something,' said the boy searching about. He picked up his rifle by the barrel. Taking

side swing he struck the man across the hands and head. There was a splintering sound as though the butt of the rifle had cracked. The man's body fell backward to the earth, his hands jerking convulsively at his sides.

'Let's get out of here.'

Hurriedly they gathered up their clothes. At the edge of the woods they looked back and saw the man's still body with the photographs scattered all about him.

The girl lay on her back beneath the trees, looking up. Tom sat beside her. 'So that's that,' he thought. It seemed to be the end of a long journey and why he had set out on it was not so clear to him. Nearby he saw crushed newspapers, brown from weather, empty match folders, rags. It was an untidy place pervaded by an odour of decaying faeces.

'Let's go, honey,' he said, patting the girl's hand.

They made the long climb and reached the road. They thought they saw smoke but it was hard to tell. Among the jagged rocks they could distinguish no figure. They walked on and came to a wide spot in the road, a place used as a lovers' lane by night. An old man, neatly dressed, was bent over, peering and stirring the embers with his cane. As they passed he tried to stand up straight, though his body had a permanent stoop. He beamed on them and bowed approval.

The boy and girl smiled back. The girl rested heavily on Tom, but he did not mind. He walked erect and set his feet firmly in the road. He took a deep breath and was conscious of the naked movement of his body beneath his clothes. Suddenly he felt disengaged from the scene, almost as though he were a spectator and a not unfamiliar couple were passing before him. It was as though he only imagined this happening to him—in actuality it happened to somebody else. The sensation passed. The sun was still warm. The blue ocean stretched endless in the hazy distance. He breathed in the pine-laden air and with almost no effort gave himself up to the day.

RODERICK CAMERON

WHERE SHALL JOHN GO

XVII: THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

'Just back from Australia? What made you go there?'

'Well,' I explained, 'I am half Australian.'

'Oh! Ever been there before?'

'No.'

'Did you like it? If I could travel it's the last place I would choose to go to.'

* * *

And there the conversation usually ends. Only a few of more discerning friends carry it any further. They ask me about the flora and the fauna, about its marsupials, about its opals, its natives.

The unfortunate thing about Australia is that it wants the foreign and exotic interest with which others of our colonies are so abundantly supplied. It is not quite different enough to hold our attention—gum, wattle and koalas, surf and kangaroos. With a barely perceptible sniff we turn the pages of our magazine and go on to something more interesting.

But when it comes to Australia, what is there? Eucalyptus to remind us of our perpetual colds? No, there is no real point of contact. There's nothing to whet our curiosity. So we think, or at least, so I thought before going there. And to be quite honest, I would never have made the long trip out had it not been for the fact that I wanted to see my relations. True I had always had a hankering after the Great Barrier Reef, but not strong enough to make me want to brave six boring weeks on a boat or risk four strenuous days in the air. I could think of better ways of spending my money.

But this is how I felt before going to Australia. After six months in our Antipodes I have revised my opinion and feel quite differently about the matter. I can recommend anyone the trip. The

most blasé could not fail to find something to stimulate his appetites, providing, of course, that he goes in the right frame of mind. As for the country itself that you must go, not for its cities. The country has no comparison, while it is better not to compare its cities, or for that matter, its way of living.

There is little doubt that Australia will, one day, be an important country. At present it is suffering from acute under-population; only seven and a half millions people its shores, the reason for this being a drastic shortage of water, a state of affairs, I am assured, that can be remedied by an extensive use of dams and, naturally, a large outlay of capital. Who, the point is, is going to finance the scheme?

Should anyone, after reading extracts from my diary, kept while up on the Barrier Reef and while on a journey to the Northern Territory, feel like emulating me, let me give him a few words of advice. While up on the Reef it is essential that you have your own boat, preferably a motor launch, a small one, measuring not more than fifty or sixty feet from bow to stern, a larger boat being too unwieldy up on these dangerous reefs. They can be hired, complete with crew, from any one of the sea ports along the Queensland coast, Bowen and Cairns being the most handy. You can stay on the islands dotted here and there between the Reef proper and the coast, but I don't advise it. They are far too touristy. Take your own boat and you can cruise for days on end without so much as catching sight of human habitation. For company you will have the weird sea creatures that inhabit the translucent depths, the gulls and the sea eagles.

* * *

November 24th. Across the railway down by a line of coconut palms we come to the beach. There the *Pacific Star* waited for us, idling impatiently at the end of a long jetty that caterpillared precariously on wooden stilts out into the chalk-blue sea.

A fifty-foot motor cruiser, the *Pacific Star* holds six passengers and runs on a crew of four. Being practically flat-bottomed she will stand almost any weather, or so Fitzhardinge, its owner and skipper, tells us. 'She has to. We get some pretty rough stuff up here.' We smiled and gritted our teeth.

I have always imagined the Reef waters to be glassy smooth

and as clear as a crystal lagoon. In point of fact they are neither clear nor smooth. The Barrier Reef proper runs in a long line, for some thousand miles or so, thirty to fifty miles off the shore, the intervening channel, 'the Grand Canal of Australia', is as broad then and certainly as rough, if not rougher, than the English Channel. It can, of course, be smooth and it was today.

My preconceived idea of the Great Barrier Reef and the North Queensland coast was wrong in practically every respect. I had imagined it to be tropical, scattered with be-palmed atolls, with corals, of course, everywhere, their antlered branches and lace-like forms prominently displayed, sticking out of the water. The islands were there in their hundreds but they were not atolls; they rose in wooded peaks more like the steep sides of a Norwegian fiord. The coral lay miles away, out at sea, submerged except at certain tides, under thirty feet of water, and to get out there in a fifty-foot launch was a tricky job, both the wind and the tides having to be synchronized. It depended on our luck whether we pulled it off.

In the meantime, in attendance on the tides, we were to cruise round the different islands, fishing, bathing, gathering shells. There is certainly enough to be seen.

★ ★ ★

November 28th. For days now we have plied backwards and forwards between the islands, our boat a white shuttle between the woof and the warp of a cobalt sea. The tides aren't right for the Reef. From Hook Island to Hayman, down the Whitsunday Passage to Lindeman and Daydream. One is continually reminded of Cook and his perilous passage up here on the *Endeavour*. Most of the places we touch owe their names to him. Two of them can boast, however, are called after ancestors of mine.

We anchor at night in some sheltered bay and spend our day fishing and bathing, wandering the long white beaches collecting shells.

★ ★ ★

November 29th. Today is the pattern of all our days; the sun shines obliquely out of a sky driven with snowy clouds, burning through the awning above our heads, blistering the paint, bleaching the sticks of coral thrown up on the beach, broken into

lengths the size and thickness of schoolroom chalk, so dried and brittle that to walk on them reverberates with a hollow crunching sound. The waters are crystal clear, the colour of aquamarines, the bubbles on the surface moving like clouds across the whiteness of the sand fifteen feet below.

Only ripples play across the sea today for it is calm and we lie anchored in the lagoon. One of the dinghies takes us to shore; the sweet scent of these islands reaches us even through the fumes of our chugging motor, for, unlike the buccaneers, whom we must resemble, we do not use the oars. There is no sign that any sailing being has ever set foot here before, time, dates, the years have lost all meaning, we are in any century—what we see was seen, precise in every detail, by the crew of the *Endeavour*; nothing has changed.

As we near the shore two fins are seen silently gliding through the water. Sharks! But their sinister shapes can barely be distinguished and are only seen as shadows. We wade ashore and two stout sting-rays, flapping their wings along the sands, disappear under the cloud they have disturbed at our feet, their tails sticking out behind them as dangerous as the sharpest rapier.

The beach stretches in a white crescent fringed with coco-nut palms, its smoothness disturbed only by the scalloped furrows of a turtle that by the light of the moon has dragged its cumbersome shell over the sand to lay its eggs—a hundred, two hundred of them in a clutch buried in the pit she will have dug.

The beaches slope upward to a ledge where the vegetation begins; coco-nut palms and the bare branches of the pandanus with its tufts of sharp bayonet-like leaves. The ground is burnt and hard, crisp with dried leaves. So busy are you picking your way, apprehensive of the unknown that may inhabit this island under your feet, that you forget the monstrous yellow and black spiders, their size in proportion to the webs they spin which can span six feet. There one sits suddenly, on a level with your face, bouncing on its silken threads as resilient as elastic, the thickness of darning wool. Better ten thousand snakes!

Beyond this first belt come the looking-glass trees (*heritiera toralis*) with their large, oval, glassy, silver-backed leaves, or a dark patch of hoop pine under which nothing grows. Whole stands up here are covered with these; they will grow anywhere, right down to the water's edge, their tall straight trunks rising

out of sheer rock, lending a Scandinavian air to the scene. I have seen the red-headed sea eagle roost among them, but they are the especial haunt of the white cockatoo who feed noisily on the cones, scattering the seed.

Further inland perhaps you come across a wild tangle of lantana, a prickly variety that clings to you, scratching your bare legs. There, too, bronze orchids of the cymbidium family hang their long heads of yellow and brown crinkled flowers. Then looking upwards along the slope of the mountain, you see a clearing of coarse grass, tenanted more likely than not by a herd of wild goat, their white fleecy coats easily discernible as they flee from your approach to lose themselves in the shade of neighbouring trees. They were imported originally by the Queensland government, I am told, and left on the different islands of the Reef as a possible source of food for the crews of shipwrecked vessels. The coconuts, too, owe their existence to the same source.

The far shore of the island is open to the ocean, facing out towards the Reef and quite different in character to the shelved beach on which we landed. Here granite pebbles, polished and as smooth as ostrich eggs, take the place of sand. Drifts of sea-worn wood and the crushed remains of the pearly nautilus tell of the rough seas. The pebbles are so large that it makes it hard to wade along the foreshore in one's rope-soled shoes. It is a dour coast and we retreat inland, for even on an enchanted isle one has to eat. We chug back to the boat for lunch, a sea feast caught for us by the crew on lines put out round the boat, grilled, blue-spotted groper, emerald green and silver with sapphire fins, or reef-mouthed emperor with a red throat, with crimson splashes, like blood, on its dorsal fins, with orange, gold and blue eyes, its back dusted with gold. It is possible we have a red-banded king snapper or the most beautiful of all, a coral cod, bright crimson spotted with turquoise blue. One of the fish we eat flaunts a delicate skeleton of transparent blue bones. Sometimes when we have been fishing ourselves we have marlin steak, and then we devour our prey while above us floats the Game Fish flag, blue and white, showing a fish leaping, stranded in mid-air amid the initials of the club.

Ashore again, we swim in the lukewarm water and look for shells, but they must be alive and one has to hunt for them following their trails and digging in the soft sand or, for cowrie

turning over the rocks. One gets to know their trails, the long straight line of the pencil shell, the scroll of the sea snail. Each one leaves its own particular mark. Unlike the insipid limpets of our European shores, they are large shells we have to deal with here; the trochus and the mutton fish or ear shell, the spider shell and the bailer as large as a water melon and used by the aborigines for a variety of purposes—as bailers in their log canoes, buckets, rice-pans, drinking vessels, baskets, and even wardrobes. They represent, perhaps, the only utensil in which a black can boil food, and the sticky glutinous messes which he calls food, the corporeal destinies of a turtle, all sodden, brought to the boil in salt water. The spiral, cone-shaped trochus is the pretty red and white shell of which so many of our buttons are made, a thousand tons of them being shipped annually in the trade. Cowries are here, too, the hundred, as large as ducks' eggs; the rare orange cowries worn only by the chieftains and princes of the Pacific Isles down to the common tiger cowrie, common here at least. But, plentiful as they are, they have to be hunted out from under the rocks. You turn a rock or a piece of coral and there, shining like porcelain, you will find your cowrie, blue, yellow, green, white. They must be gathered alive if you want to preserve their shine. Your haul is borne back to the boat in a billy can where it is partially sealed. Then with a bent wire you have to hoik the creature out. The smell is nauseating and lasts for days even when the shells are cleaned and empty. They smell of rotten eggs. We worked in the end with plugs of cotton wool soaked in eau-de-Cologne stuffed up our noses.

The sun is sinking and it is late afternoon now. It is the same bay but we have moved to another beach, a long spit, eight or ten miles long, where the sand is as white as snow and as fine as powder. The sun has sunk and the colours are unbelievably beautiful, the soft pastel colours of eighteenth-century France, aragonard or a Boucher, rose madder, buff, and the palest blue, the sheen of pearls, glow on the oily waters. A net is thrown out to catch tomorrow's bait and its cargo when hauled in are glistening, their mail of silver nacreous as the waters in which they live. The sands have now taken on a tinge of pink, the bleached shells strewn over its smooth curves perched on little pedestals worn by the wind are as fine as paper, piqued and ribbed, pleated like the finest linen. These are the small shells of the Reef.

The long day is done and one is forced to cover, for sandflies now take over. They settle on you in clouds if caught in the domain, tiny little black mites whose sting you barely feel. They leave a small red mark that has disappeared by morning. You think all is over. But woe betide you, in three days' time the bites come up in bumps which suppurate: you find yourself covered with them like measles.

The moon is up now, white and full, shining on the trunk of a twisted tree that stands like some tortured ghost. Not a sound stirs, only the gentle lapping of the water against the sides of the boat. Perhaps, out there on the lonely edge of a coral reef the spirit of a naked black from the 'dreamtime' stands fishing, using a nugget of gold as his sinker with a hook cut from pearl shell, as they used to be.

* * *

November 30th. Our water supply had given out and the tanks had to be refilled. An inlet on wild Hook Island presented the nearest supply; a gentle trickle of spring water that gathered in pools between the rocks. The sailors of the Reef, so 'Fitz.' told us, had clubbed together and supplied a pipeline leading from the largest of the three pools to a point not far out from the shore. Boats could anchor here and, after their crew had groped around in the mud at the bottom for the line, could replenish their supply.

In due course we arrived at the appointed place, a little late (on these islands one is always in attendance on the tide), but in time or rather, what would have been in time if the pipe line had been there. Alas, there was no sign of it. The sight of a good length of rubber hosing, worth its weight in gold these hard days, had proved too much for one of the brethren.

This meant we had to moor the boat close in to the shore, against a bank of mangrove trees. A plank was thrown across resting on the nearest rock and, armed with buckets, tins and empty demijohns, we negotiated the perilous trip. One of us clambered up to the nearest pool and there dipped the various utensils into the brackish water—brackish is perhaps an exaggeration, but anyhow its colour, when held up in a glass against the light, was distinctly brown, smelling rather pleasantly of ferns, the moist, comforting smell of green things sweating out their life in a hothouse in some northern clime. Posted at strategic points we then hoisted our load across in relays. It was a long and tedious

lo, but it worked, or would have worked if it had not been for the tide. Every so often a measure stick would be dipped into the tanks. Two, three, four feet, and one was full. We had just started in the second tank when it happened. We felt a slight hitch, a added grating of the boat. We were touching the bottom! We had been so busy that we had forgotten about the tide. Dropping everything we rushed to the skipper's aid. Anchors were weighed and we attempted to pole ourselves out into midstream; another anchor was taken out in a dinghy and dropped in deep water. Straining on the winch we attempted to pull ourselves out that day. Saws and axes were brought forward and we hacked away frantically at the branches sticking through the railings, thinking possibly, that they might impede us. It was all of no avail. We were stuck: and there we had to stay until the morning tide should carry us out again. But that was not the worst of it. The boat, we found, was balanced precariously on a large rock which meant that she was in danger of heeling right over on her side when the water had receded. Nervously we watched and waited with ominous gratings and bumps she finally came to rest together on the bottom. It was then that she started listing, a anchor bunched up against the side would suddenly snap under the strain and something would slide off the deck with a loud clatter. It wasn't so much the fact of her listing that mattered, it was the danger of springing a leak. With all her weight on one side her hulk might not be strong enough to withstand the increasing pressure, resting as she would be on these accursed rocks.

She was lurching visibly now, then suddenly we heard a crack, a thickening sound of rending wood. It came from the washroom at the stern. Gently at first, then with a loud report. Displaying a faith I am sure none of us felt, we all climbed overboard to relieve the weight, taking our mattresses and bedding and all the more immediate necessities with us. It meant sleeping ashore and hoping for the best in the morning. The damage, as it happened, didn't appear as bad as it sounded, or as much as we could see of it by flashlight. The inner planking hadn't given in yet. The poor *Pacific Star* was right out of water now, lurching at a forty-five degree angle, her mast lost in the trees and her keel, mercifully left, exposed for the larger part to the stars. She looked a pathetic sight.

If she didn't move any more it looked as if she would be right. A merciful dispensation, since it would have meant being stranded here for several days until we could have got word to the mainland. We had no wireless, and would have been forced to row the seventy or eighty miles between us and civilization.

We soon forgot our misfortunes; it was dramatic country, ideal setting for a shipwreck. Large boulders made up the foreground, rising to the perpendicular face of a cliff, but recessed into squares and artfully overhung with palms and orchids, receding to a silhouetted skyline of trees.

As luck would have it we had brought some mosquito nets with us. Propping them up on tripods arranged with branches at the end of our beds, we were able to cover ourselves with them. The six beds, tented and wreathed in white mist against the black rocks.

★ ★ ★

December 1st. The most interesting thing, however, about the whole adventure was my encounter with green ants, or, to give them their official title, the emerald-coloured leaf dwellers—the most vicious, odious little members of that pugnacious race.

Heaven help anyone who is bitten by them. I was, and I would rather be seared by a thousand inquisitorial pokers than experience it again. Unwittingly I had placed myself under one of their nests, and before I had time to realize it I was covered with them. Two of them must have got under my shirt; convulsed, I tore off every garment I had on and rushed headlong for the water. It felt as if two very large and very blunt hypodermic needles had been jabbed into my chest, needles charged with some particularly virulent kind of poison. It seems incredible that two such small creatures should be capable of inflicting so much pain. They must have some kind of nerve irritant which they inject into you as they bite. Vicious I have said they were, and pugnacious; and to this then yet another trait—tenacity. The tenacity of the English bulldog is as nothing compared with these beasts; even submerging them in a bath of salt water is not sufficient punishment. You have to seize hold of their semi-transparent bodies and pull them off; even then they are liable to break in half leaving their jaws embedded in your flesh.

Fortunately, they are not prevalent throughout Australia and are confined, for the most part, to the northern section of the Queensland coast. Restricted as they are, however, they certainly have made the best of it. They swarm all over this country by the thousand, and once you know where to look for them it is seldom you pass a tree without espying a nest, the pine and the Pandanus being about the only growing things they eschew on account of their leaves, or rather, lack of them. It is with the young leaves that they make their nests, globular, purse-like affairs that hang from the end of a branch, miraculously sewn together with white silken threads.



December 2nd. Not a day passes up here without something new being discovered. This morning, landing for our early morning coffee, we heard an extraordinary chattering coming from the trees a little way inland. I didn't pay much attention at first; it sounded like cockatoos screaming. Then it dawned on me that there was a quality about the squeaking that was not altogether odd. I moved off to investigate. It was a camp of flying foxes! Hundred upon hundred of them; their haunt, a mangrove swamp hemming up a lagoon behind the shelved beach. Near to, their noise was deafening, chattering, squeaking, growling away as they hung, head downwards, from the upper branches like a monstrous crop of black pears. We let off a shot (we never went very far without a gun) whereupon the whole sky was black with their leathery wings. It sounded like a heavy curtain of crêpe being dragged, flapping, through the air. They redoubled their squeakings, flew around for a few minutes and then, in no way perturbed, returned to their lair, settling down again to unabashed love-making. That apparently was what all the noise was about. Odious animals they must be, for the majority of the foxes I saw were females well on in the family way, some of them already suckling their young, little spidery editions of themselves slung under their abdomens, hanging on with their hooked claws, sucking their mother's milk with their sharp-pointed little snuzzles, more like greyhound puppies than bats.

They are very pretty creatures, these flying foxes, with their shiny black fur and intelligent little heads, with alert eyes fringed with long lashes. They sniff the air just like a dog with their damp

noses and growl at you for infringing their privacy. It is disconcerting at first to see them hanging there upside down, looking at you. Except for their wings and their claws they have nothing in common with the usual run of bats. One feels they ought to be down on the ground running around wagging their tails, or, at least on all fours, with a dignified brush. If you see them flying, however, they have an endearing look, their hind legs stuck straight out behind them; one could swear that they had trousers on. With their great leathery wings ribbed in fine bone they remind me of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings for his proposed 'Flying Man'. It is the same theory, only these little creatures are really flying, swooping and dipping about, as proficient at it in daylight as they are at night. 'Little', anyway, is hardly the right word: their bodies are small, weighing, I imagine, under two pounds, but their wings, when spread out, can measure anything up to four feet.

There are several varieties and all extraordinarily prolific. One is settled in an out-of-the-way swamp, or hidden deep in some rain-soaked forest, they usually remain there, chattering away through the days in love-making, spreading out over the countryside at night in search of food, only deserting the district when there is nothing left to eat.

Some 'camps', as their settlements are called, have been inhabited for years and are well-known landmarks, the biggest of them spreading over several acres and estimated to have a population exceeding a million.

These haunts, they say, smell strongly of musk. I didn't notice it with our colony this morning, but then it was a small one. The aborigine, though, can smell them miles away and guide you straight to them, however few there happen to be. Fortunately they constitute one of the few possible sources of nourishment that the aborigines do not care to eat. I say fortunately, as I find them endearing little creatures, and not being a fruit farmer could afford to indulge my fancy.

I am told that they can do a great deal of damage, and after repeated requests from the Queensland farmers the government called for an investigation with a view to their extermination. The result must have been very disheartening for the farmers.

Mr. Ratcliffe, an economic biologist, was delegated the job, and, as he reports in his charming book *Flying Fox and Drift*

and, it would prove a useless campaign, being a waste of both time and money. There are too many flying foxes and the district they ravage is too vast. The foxes, anyhow, seem to rate the forest flowers more highly than man's artificial products, 'so that orchard fruit is usually more or less immune if there happens to be a good crop of blossoms in the locality'. Luckily also, he tells me, the bats prefer their fruit to be fully ripe, and thus most of the commercial crop is safely picked and packed away before it has attracted their attention.

Mr. Ratcliffe considers that raids of flying foxes may be a serious matter for individual fruit growers but that the crops, taken as a whole, 'provide an insignificant item in the dietary economy of the flying fox population'.

Frankly, I was delighted especially after having seen the one 'stitch' shot. Poor little thing, it lay whimpering on the ground trying to staunch the blood with its wings. I had to hit it on the head.

* * *

December 3rd. Every island we visited had its mangrove swamps, some of them by the shores of a lagoon; others, having taken possession of a rock-strewn beach, advance boldly into the sea. There seemed no limit to where the mangrove might grow, providing there was salt water in the offing into which it could dip its tangled roots.

What an extraordinary tree! It looks so normal when seen from above, green, glossy foliage something like a large privet in form but darker in colour, with the gloss of a magnolia; prim circumspect foliage that you might find in any suburban garden. It is only when approached from below that it reveals itself in its true colours, undisciplined, voracious, its smooth, pink roots popped in monstrous, writhing forms, claiming everything; roots as thick as your arm, shoot after shoot hooped one above the other, only their ends buried in the life-giving mud. They look like a tangled nest of snakes, something drawn by Arthur Rackham to illustrate a bad dream, the lair of one of Hans Andersen's witches, the haunt of hobgoblins.

Nature, in point of fact, has peopled this oozing, verdurous loom of hers with creatures more strange even than those of Rackham's imagination; giant swimming crabs lie in wait for their prey in caverns excavated among the mud banks, monsters

quite capable of crushing a man's wrist. The place is alive with the crackings, fiddlings and creakings of unknown beasts. If you are silent and the tide is really low you are liable to see almost anything; herds of little soldier crabs come dancing towards you on their toes like blue spiders. You can hear a faint whispering as they move; turn your head, though, make a movement of any kind and they are gone, buried with a flurry of their claws in the slime.

More phlegmatic is the 'mud skipper', the paradox of the piscatorial world—a fish that drowns if kept under water, that skips merrily over the mud quite as much at home as if swimming. You find him half-submerged clinging to a root, breathing through his tail, watching you with his goblin eyes, detached discs which he can move round his head at will, watching you intently with one ogling globe while with the other he hunts his prey.

It's a fascinating world—quite unreal till you have got used to it. The tide comes in drawing a curtain over the tangled mass of roots leaving only the leaves exposed, and the mangrove becomes again an ordinary type of tree, a little eccentric perhaps in its choice of locality but otherwise well trained and tidy. You think you have dreamt the rest.

'Fitz.' tells me that he has met with whole battalions of young mangrove plants bobbing about in the sea. The seeds, already sprouting when they leave the parent tree, get swept out by the current and these drift aimlessly about at the mercy of the winds. The majority of them perish hopelessly water-logged. Sufficient, however, reach land where they immediately take root, thus wresting further territory from the unwilling sea. So this marine invader propagates, swelling its numbers as it spreads itself up and down the coast. One can see them from the plane, their torturee stilts invisible from the air, cushioning the swamps and estuaries with their serried banks of green, giving an aspect of tidiness to the struggling landscape, an aspect that, as one soon finds out, is hypocritical to a degree.

I read too that there is a poisonous variety of mangrove called the 'River Poison Tree'. Make an incision in the trunk and white sap trickles from it, so poisonous that the slightest contact with it will affect you, causing an acrid, burning, sensation in the throat, inflamed eyes, headaches and even loss of sight.

It was to be one of the few peculiarities of this land which we were destined not to meet.

★ ★ ★

December 4th. At last the moment had come. The tides being right and the weather forecast promising, we set out for the Reef. It was a bright morning, mottled with white clouds, the sea, a deep green and cobalt, was moderately smooth. Only small waves lapped the sides of the boat, breaking into a spray of silver beads that evaporated the instant they touched the deck, their crystalline sparkle reduced to rings of powdered salt. We had awnings lashed across the bows, but they were powerless against a sun that had burnt us the colour of roasted coffee, and invested the woodwork of our boat with the attributes commonly applied to hot coals, obliging us, if rash enough to forget our shoes, to perform the duties of heathen firewalkers.

It took us five hours to cover the sixty or seventy miles between the islands and the Reef. We read and, of course, drink endless cups of tea, and take pot-shots at the large yellow sea serpents griggling their leisurely way across the surface of the sea. Bright yellow with dark bands, they littered our way by the dozens, some of them three or four feet long. They will attack, I am told, if you meet them swimming in the water and, like so many of the things up here, are very poisonous. A shoal of porpoise gambolled with us, playing in our wake, their sleek, streamlined forms rising up and down, up and down, a kind of effortless perpetual motion out of the water. A giant ray, that or a whale, was sighted on the horizon. It had disappeared by the time we had found the glasses. When we were but a few miles off the Barrier, 'Fitz.' mounted the wheelhouse and stood, feet well planted, with a hand shading his eyes, on the lookout for the Reef, those tell-tale patches of light water in the dark-blue sea. 'Proper tiger country, this.' He shouted out the orders to Archie below: 'Three points to starboard', then briskly, 'knock her to port', and the water suddenly hallowed revealing a blur of coral under our prow. 'There's a nigger head for you!' These nigger heads are the bane of the Reef. Washed up from the deep by a storm the coral dies and, deposited on top of living organisms, projects above the normal level, forming formidable rocks on which to gash the bottom of your ship. I hate to think what it must be like navigating these waters in a storm at night. With the constant change of the coral

your chart is practically useless. The latest charts published by the Admiralty date from 1933 and these are taken mostly from soundings carried out in the last century, hardly likely, with the lapse of some seventy or eighty years, to prove very accurate.

Relaxing his vigil 'Fitz.' clambered down from his post. 'All right, Archie. Cut them out.' The engines slowed down, subsiding from a shuddering roar, dying out with two pathetic little coughs. Anchors were dropped. We had negotiated the passage into a lagoon, or so the crew told us, and we had to take their word for it. None but the initiated could possibly suspect it for, at high tide with the reefs hidden, it still looked alarmingly like the open sea, vast and lonely with the wide horizon our only protection.

It was a relief when, towards noon, nigger heads made their appearance, their glistening crowns drying in the sun.

Sheathed in gum boots, wearing bathing suits, shirts and pith helmets, armed with billy cans for the shells, we took to the dinghy. The sea changed from blue to aquamarine, then floating over a chasm of green fire, we were on the Reef. When the dinghy scraped the bottom we clambered out, the lukewarm water coming right up over our knees. There we were, literally standing in the sea! It gave one a definite sensation of *malaise*.

How does one set about describing the Great Barrier Reef, this weird sea world teeming with life, life created in one of nature's most fantastic moods, coloured more brightly than a rainbow, stained every conceivable hue. It's beautiful, it's sinister, it's a weird world, as unfamiliar to us humans as would be the canals of Mars. It lives at night in the phosphorescent dark, and sleeps by day bathed in brilliant sunshine, the creatures that inhabit it lulled into a sense of false security. At night the corals flower and crawling things come out of their shells. It is then that the war is waged, that crustacea awake and finny armies mass for their manoeuvres intent on prey, engaged in the eternal struggle for the survival of the fittest. The whole Reef becomes a giant battlefield; the slaughter is prodigious. Then slowly, slowly morning dawns, light creeps up over the coral sea and peace reigns once more, leaving still pools littered with the panoply of the fray, empty shells and dismembered claws.

I can't accurately remember any of my impressions. One wanders in a trance hypnotized by what one sees, by the beauty

of the colours, the red and mauve coral; yellow stag-horns with their antler-like branches hung out in the blue depth of sea, green tipped with blue, pink and green, the bright pinks and greens of heraldry; the cinnamon, lavender, russet and grey of the porites sprawled out in clumps like a herbaceous border. One finds polyps, coral with gills like a mushroom and anemones that measure a foot across resembling chrysanthemums, their petals waving in the currents, as if stirred by a faint autumn breeze. Bedded among the corals are the horse-shoe clams with their incredible mantles of emerald and sapphire or cool greens and russet browns that retract as you touch them, squirting water at you as they clamp shut their scalloped shells. It's the giant of this species that proves so fatal to the pearl-divers, imprisoning them with its vice-like grip if they are unlucky enough to venture a foot within its open shell. Giant clams, measuring four or five feet across, have been washed up on the beaches, but they usually inhabit deep water and are seldom met with on the Reef. Their smaller brothers, though, are everywhere, and when the tide is at its lowest their squirts can be heard all round you, as they eject unwanted particles of food, breaking the dead stillness. In a sunny pool free from coral, you find blue starfish, lapis lazuli blue, that, instead of swallowing its food, ejects a baggy stomach with which it envelops its prey, digesting it before it is drawn back again. There are black starfish with arms jointed like a necklace, heads of jet edged round with ostrich feathers. There are starfish with writhing tentacles like centipedes and sea-worms armed with a thousand glassy spines that can penetrate the thickest leather glove.

Everywhere stretched out along the bottom are the slug-like *bêche-de-mer*, measuring anything up to two feet, black, brown with red spots, yellow, soft and slimy, they look like sausages lying there practically inanimate. Pick them up and they eject yards of sticky white strings which cling to you like chewing gum. If you irritate them enough they will spew forth the whole of their intestinal organs, hoping, I suppose, that the attackers will be content with their delicious offering and leave their empty carcasses in peace. It takes them nine days to regenerate their losses, when they can start life afresh. These *bêche-de-mer* are fished by the inhabitants of the mainland and bring in a substantial revenue, anything up to £24,000 a year. Boiled, smoked and

dried, they are exported to China, where they use them, along with sharks' fins, for making stock for soup.

There are vermilion crabs spotted with white, like toadstools; mauve coral crabs, mottled rock crabs and lobsters that have taken upon themselves every colour of the Reef—blue, mauve, purple, green, orange, brown, red and black—broken by spots on various parts of the body and stripes along the legs. Occasionally you will find the giant spider crabs of Japanese waters that can measure up to twelve feet across their outstretched limbs, stilted horrors that stalk each other at night across the beaches. This is the world's largest crab; but a much bulkier one occurs in the waters of the Bass Strait, a giant weighing anything up to thirty pounds. Further out in the sea they have fifty-foot squids. But these monsters are not commonly met with. Care has to be exercised, however, to avoid the smaller but infinitely more poisonous creatures; the cone shell and the dreaded stone-fish. Both are common up here and both have been known to kill people. The cone shell, a pretty pink mollusc marked with delicate brown lines, dotted and splodged like a marconigram, is armed with a long fleshy proboscis provided with a number of sharp teeth, each of which has a venom gland. This it protrudes well beyond the edge of the shell, and if not carefully handled will give you a vicious stab. A man, not so long ago, known to one of the islanders up here, had collected one on the Reef and, unaware of its poisonous nature, was trying to extract the mollusc with a piece of bent wire. It stung him and in three hours he was dead, having first become partially paralysed and suffered the tortures of the damned. It took four men to hold him down as he struggled against death. His yells were like those of a wild beast.

The stone-fish is no less dangerous, and perhaps the most poisonous of all fish—certainly it is the ugliest. Luckily, however, it is not so often met with in these parts, or is it, perhaps, its clever camouflage that precludes it from being seen? All I know is that I looked carefully before turning any rocks, armed even as I was, with a pair of heavy leather gloves.

Time passes quickly out here on the reefs. We had started off in a little group of six; we were now scattered in every direction, dwindled to little specks on the sea. One gets carried away, each step bringing some new curiosity; sea hares like enormous snails without a shell that hide themselves in clouds of sepia ink, or a

yellow-and-black-banded lamprey, stranded in the shallow water, looking like a baby shark. The fishes are beyond number, as brightly coloured as the corals among which they live.

For hours we wandered as though lost in a dream. The tide was rising and it was time we returned to the ship. There we sat after dinner on deck, the six of us, silenced by what we had seen. Frightened, too; it is so lonely out here. It is with fear that I remember wading across the reefs in my boots. Suddenly you look up and there you are alone, stranded in an immensity of ocean, walking the seas. Nothing, nothing—all is nothingness. No one had told me this about the Reef, and yet it is my most vivid impression of it, this sensation of fear, a cold impersonal fear. The sun had set in a blaze of colour dipping into a blood-red sea. A pale moon now rode the silver clouds bathing this unfamiliar world with a cold forbidding light. I slept with my curtains drawn to shut it out.

SELECTED NOTICE

Concluding, Henry Green. The Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

At a time when so much is written about the future of fiction, when those who write at all tend to reflect the negation of an exhausted world by stating and restating a single neurotic theme, or by returning *tout court* to their childhood, Henry Green continues his surprised exploration of the human heart, his development of the poetic process to extend the range of the novel. Not obviously related to contemporary fiction, though related in the strictest sense to contemporary life, his books are the steadiest strain in the literature of two parse decades.

Party-going, Caught, Loving, Back—even the titles are monolithic, shapes forced up under pressure, milestones that seem to mark a series of survivals, triumphs of coherence wrested from a chaos as hostile to art as to life. To read them is to involve oneself at close range in a diversity of conflicts all concerned with the same problem—the problem of human happiness. For he is not content with stating a conflict, he must attempt to resolve it; one is led into a tender solicitude for his characters, a belief in the possibility of happy endings which, while it underlies the beliefs of the common man, is unshared by most modern novelists who like to end on a question mark when the lives of characters have come to such a pass that no one can foresee a livable future, least of all the writer. Whereas Mr. Green ends when he has straightened things out for them and given them somewhere to go.

Inured as we are to the psychological impasse in literature it is not easy for us to follow Mr. Green in his uncomfortably close-range view of life; if it were not for his poetic use of colour and imagery with their congruity springing

from an underlying theme he would hardly persuade us to accept it. For Mr. Green's demands upon his readers are uncompromising. The continuous close co-operation he exacts from them is of a kind associated with poetry rather than prose, and has to do with form and imagery rather than content, less with the preoccupations of his characters than with his own manipulations and discoveries during the development of the book. More could be written about his use of imagery, in particular his use of colour, in the light of Mr. C. D. Lewis's theories on poetry. Anyone who is concerned with 'the frontiers of the novel', who finds himself writing what he suspects or intends to be poetry in terms of fiction will do better to abstain from the great innovators of the twenties, and re-read Mr. Green along with *The Poetic Image*.

That more and more novelists will find themselves writing in this equivocal medium is inevitable, not so much because of their predecessors as because of the contemporary situation. The 'individual', in the nineteenth-century Tchekhovian sense, is dwarfed; yet human survival in the face of superhuman menace becomes heroic; mankind, Promethean upon the rock of the post-war world, needs a symbol, a legend, epic poetry. While we may deplore the present over-simplification of myth and story-telling in Russia and her neighbouring countries we must ask ourselves whether there is not the same kind of need in our own literature: Mr. Toynbee's recasting of the Persephone myth is an example of this trend. The question is to find the right myth for ourselves; it would not suit us to resurrect gods and heroes or to set young men and women striding ever forward upon the façades of our Post Offices—Mr. Moore's figures in Battersea Park are for us more truthful—but until we find the appropriate ethos and its underlying myth it will be well for us to keep quiet. The problem for the writer is how to conserve, while interpreting the flare-up, the darkness, the dying and rebirth that are the background of our age, a sense of human proportion, a tenderness and truth without which as individuals we cannot live. This, in his time and place, Mr. Green is peculiarly fitted to do, and this, in book after book dealt flatly and almost too deftly one upon the other, it seems he has succeeded in doing.

To understand his new book *Concluding* we must recall the pattern and integration, the colour and imagery of his earlier books. Think of the difficult fires flaring out of the darkness of *Caught*, all dying away to the strange and touching image of Hellebore and snow, Pye's death and his sister's monstrous defloration composed now and settling to winter in Roe's convalescent mind. Think of the purples and blues, the doves, the white lilac under green and all the peacock colours of *Loving*, diffuse in this book as the sensations of loving were diffuse in the bodies of Kate and Edith. In *Back*, for the shell-shocked man who had lost his girl Rose, the colour and image of roses, amongst the doubling and redoubling of characters, the appalling knock and echo of coincidence, at first emphasize the split in his mind, Rose and Nancy, death and life, aggression and love; in the end when he is cured they come to symbolize two loves in one. It is in this last book that Mr. Green's methods are most subtly employed. A man is mentally ill, grows healthy and learns to love again. At almost unbearably close range we follow out the workings of his mind with as a background, always the shadowy double identity of man and society.

And now his new book, *Concluding*. A fairy-tale? A myth? An allegory? At

at sight it seems to be a departure from anything he has ever written before. Up to now his openings have been upon recognizable scenes, a station, a butler's pantry, a Green Line bus: the commonplace invested with a sense of dazzlement and wonder. Now it is the fantastic that becomes everyday, a projection into a future as recognizable as Victoria Station in 1938. Taken with his other work, *Concluding* falls into place; but it is much more nearly an epic poem. There are in all his books passages of greater intensity, a more purely poetic passion than the rest, comparable with the choruses in Greek tragedies; expressions of what man feels at certain moments, feels but cannot express, the emotion springing from so deep a source as to seem greater than and unembracable by himself. The passage in the deserted garden in *Back* is an example, towering with positive force against the strained terrifying negation of the shell-shocked man's existence. In *Concluding* it is as though such a passage had been expanded into a whole book. To read it is to be exposed to a great flash of poetry.

'Finish, good lady, the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.'

no compromise here, no certainties for the future. Within the compass of a summer's day, a day in the life of a girl's school, in the life of an old man, a summer's day for all time yet intensely and closely centred upon a particular time and place, we are made aware of man's predicament in a world of transcendent sadness and beauty.

An old man, a scientist, rising at dawn to feed his animals, fears for the security of his granddaughter; his enemies, two headmistresses, set off for London to do what harm they can—in this Utopia of the near future, schools are run by a State Commission, the most promising girls are hand-picked for administration, given an environment supposed to be suited to their high training; the sun rises upon the amplitude of an eighteenth-century mansion; the woods are full of azaleas, two girls—all the girls look like azaleas—have disappeared; the day increases in splendour, fantasy thickens round the lost girls, and throughout it all moves Mr. Rock, the scientific humanist, with the slowness of extreme old age, massively empirical, impervious to fantasy and hysteria, the only adult figure in a society of spinsters, adolescents, unhappy excessives and the unspeakable old Adams. (Yet he is afraid of the dark; the dark part of his mind that he has successfully denied and never needed to bring to consciousness threatens him now under pressure of a changed world and his own old age; the forests of the unknown that seem to promise an extension of life for the young, contain for an old man only his death.) Mr. Rock accepts with dignity the change in circumstances which oblige him to scrounge at a kitchen door for food, and views with uneasy detachment the dilemma of the authorities who wish to honour his services to the State while preventing his non-co-operation from upsetting their plans. This element—the dismay of Civil Servants who see their 'directives' hampered by an anachronistic incubus living off the fat of their land, a hostile Idea too big for their individual intelligences to deal with—is credible to the point of prophecy.

Apart from Mr. Rock the characters are flat and in varying degrees stylized, often subtly integrated to give an effect of perspective; thus Sebastian, his grandchild's lover, stands for his own past while Elizabeth, made ill by

over-work, is the girls' immediate future, and old Adams, by implication, is the lost part of Mr. Rock himself, the reverse of the medal, 'the old Adam in me'.

If Mr. Rock is larger than life-size, a synthesis of all 'good Europeans' pushed towards the edge of darkness, the girls are a projection into infinite numbers of one red-haired girl, with no more individuality than azaleas, but illumined miraculously from within. Terrifyingly this is the atmosphere of a girls' school caught upon the wing of summer, afloat upon an air of counter-current and rumour arising as much from their physical growth as their strained and distorted intelligence. It is part of Mr. Green's *tour-de-force* that the fantasy world in which the day gradually fills is seen as a natural result of so much unnaturalness springing from the children themselves and not from any supernatural agency. Theirs are the woods inhabited by night, theirs the metamorphosis of old Adams. How will they grow up? Will they take flight into sere reeds and laurels like Edge and Baker or be arrested into colourless anxiety like Elizabeth? For once Mr. Green promises them no future, no compromise with happiness. For a long midsummer's day, a short midsummer's night, they belong to themselves: they belong to Dionysus, more sibyls than children, less women than flowers.

The word *panic* is never used and to elaborate this theme would be to destroy the web-like filaments of rumour upon which the suspense of the book depends. Yet the most powerful impression is of forces, evil because repressed, ever about to take external shape. It was terrifying to find witchcraft brought into the house under cover of brightness and by the very person, Miss Edge, who is most a witch and most unconscious of it; and the girls in their loveliness became repellent for the same reason—because they had to do what they did in the house underground. Once in the woods with their old Father Adam they were all right and there is a kind of comfort in knowing that one of the girls never came back.

Concluding, then, is not only the story of the sadness and dignity of an old man, not only an allegory of mankind on the edge of darkness, but also about the desires and fears behind an old man's fear of the dark in a forest, about the trepidations and uncertainties beneath the summer airs and azaleas of adolescence, desires and hostilities that are the same for all ages. And it is here that we see how naturally *Concluding* follows on Mr. Green's earlier books, how surely he has developed his use of the poetic process to convey several simultaneous aspects of reality. At times like the present we return to myth, to allegory, to the poetic expression of an external situation too menacing and confused for our direct apprehension. But Mr. Green does not make the mistake of founding a book on a myth, on 'archetypes', on a conception drawn from too intellectually prefabricated a level. Individual man is still the centre of his world. Without sacrificing the framework of the novel or his preoccupation with human problems he contrives to get at the truth underlying the myth, to draw up from the deeper levels of the Unconscious evidence of emotions that are inexpressible except through certain media such as that of poetic imagery. Simultaneously and through this same poetic process he suggests the shadow of an allegory behind the individual, and places mankind in relation to the vast ill-comprehended landscape of his own time.

JEAN HOWARD

[*Concluding* will be published in the middle of November]